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# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

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*Krants*

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

A Romaunt

BY

LORD BYRON



LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS  
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# PREFACE

## TO THE

## FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.



THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe.

It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops; its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation

"Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."\*—Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

LONDON, February 1812.

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\* Beattie's Letters.



## ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

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I HAVE now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique," flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentilesse" had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No

waiter, but a knight templar." \* By the bye, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights " sans peur," though not " sans reproche." If the story of the institution of the " Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement ; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave " Childe Harold " to live his day, such as he is ; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close, for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

LONDON, 1813.

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\* *The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement.*

## TO IANTHE.

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NOT in those climes where I have late been straying,  
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd ;  
Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd ,  
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd :  
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek  
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—  
To such as see thee not my words were weak ;  
To those who gaze on thee what language could they  
speak ?

Ah ! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,  
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring ,  
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,  
Love's image upon earth without his wing ,  
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining ;  
And surely she who now so fondly rears  
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening ,  
Beholds the rainbow of her future years ,  
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears .

Young Peri of the West !—'tis well for me  
My years already doubly number thine ;  
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee ,  
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine ;  
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline ;  
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed ,  
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign

To those whose admiration shall succeed,  
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours  
decreed.

Oh ! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,  
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,  
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,  
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny  
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh  
Could I to thee be ever more than friend :  
This much, dear maid, accord ; nor question why  
To one so young my strain I would commend,  
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined ;  
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast  
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined  
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last :  
My days once number'd, should this homage past  
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre  
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,  
Such is the most my memory may desire ;  
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship  
less require ?



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## A ROMAUNT.

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"L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les ni les frais fatigues."—LE COSMOPOLITE.

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### CANTO THE FIRST.

#### I.

OH, thou ! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,  
Muse ! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will !  
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,  
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill :  
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill :  
Yes ! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,  
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still ;  
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine  
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

## II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,  
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight ;  
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.  
Ah me ! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee ;  
Few earthly things found favour in his sight  
Save concubines and carnal companie,  
And flaunting wassailers of low and high degree.

## III.

Childe Harold was he hight :—but whence  
his name  
And lineage long, it suits me not to say ;  
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
And had been glorious in another day :  
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
However mighty in the olden time ;  
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

## IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun  
Disporting there like any other fly ;  
Nor deem'd before his little day was done  
One blast might chill him into misery.

But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;  
He felt the fulness of satiety :  
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremit's  
sad cell.

## V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,  
And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be his.  
Ah, happy she ! to 'scape from him whose kiss  
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste ;  
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,  
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to  
taste.

## VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,  
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;  
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee ;  
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,  
And from his native land resolved to go,  
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;  
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for  
woe,  
And e'en for change of scene would seek the  
shades below.

## VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall :  
It was a vast and venerable pile :  
So old, it seemèd only not to fall,  
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.  
Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !  
Where Superstition once had made her den !  
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and  
smile ;  
And monks might deem their time was come  
agen,  
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong those holy  
men.

## VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood  
Strange pangs would flash along Childe  
Harold's brow,  
As if the memory of some deadly feud  
Or disappointed passion lurked below :  
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;  
For his was not that open, artless soul  
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,  
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,  
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could  
not control.

## IX.

And none did love him : though to hall and  
bower,  
He gathered revellers from far and near,

He knew them flatt'lers of the festal hour ;  
The heartless parasites of present cheer.  
Yea ! none did love him—not his lemans  
dear—

But pomp and power alone are woman's care,  
And where these are light Eros finds a feere ;  
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs  
might despair.

## X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,  
Though parting from that mother he did shun ;  
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not  
Before his weary pilgrimage begun :  
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.  
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of  
steel :

Ye who have known what 'tis to dote upon  
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel  
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope  
to heal.

## XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy  
hands,  
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,

And long had fed his youthful appetite ;  
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,  
And all that mote to luxury invite,  
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,  
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's  
central line.

## XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds  
blew,  
As glad to waft him from his native home ;  
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,  
And soon were lost in circumambient foam ;  
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come  
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,  
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning  
kept.

## XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea,  
He seized his harp, which he at times could  
string,  
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening :  
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight ;  
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,

And fleeting shores receded from his sight,  
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good  
Night."

## I.

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night!

## 2.

A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
My dog howls at the gate.

## 3.

"Come hither, hither, my little page !  
Why dost thou weep and wail ?  
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,  
Or tremble at the gale ?

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;  
Our ship is swift and strong :  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along."

## 4.

" Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind :  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee—and one above.

## 5.

" My father bless'd me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain ;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again."  
" Enough, enough, my little lad !  
Such tears become thine eye ;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.

## 6.

" Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale ?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?  
. Or shiver at the gale ?"—

“ Deem’st thou I tremble for my life ?  
 Sir Childe, I’m not so weak ;  
 But thinking on an absent wife  
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

## 7.

“ My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
 Along the bordering lake,  
 And when they on their father call,  
 What answer shall she make ? ”—  
 “ Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
 Thy grief let none gainsay ;  
 But I, who am of lighter mood,  
 Will laugh to flee away.”

## 8.

For who would trust the seeming sighs  
 Of wife or paramour ?  
 Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes  
 We late saw streaming o’er.  
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
 Nor perils gathering near ;  
 My greatest grief is that I leave  
 No thing that claims a tear.

## 9.

And now I’m in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea :  
 But why should I for others groan  
 When none will sigh for me ?

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands ;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

## IO.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine ;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves !  
My native Land—Good Night !

## XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,  
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.  
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,  
New shores descried make every bosom  
gay ;  
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their  
way,  
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,  
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay ;  
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,  
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few  
rustics reap.

## XV.

O Christ ! it is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious  
land :  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand !  
But man would mar them with an impious  
hand :  
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest  
scourge  
'Gainst those who most transgress his high  
command,  
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge  
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen  
purge.

## XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !  
Her image floating on that noble tide,  
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,  
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride  
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied  
And to the Lusians did her aid afford ;  
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,  
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the  
sword  
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's un-  
sparing lord.

## XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,  
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;  
 For hut and palace show like filthily : ✓  
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt ;  
 Ne personage of high or mean degree  
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt ;  
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt,  
 unwash'd, unhurt.

## XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest  
 scenes—

Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?  
 Lo ! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
 Ah me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
 To follow half on which the eye dilates  
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken  
 Than those whereof such things the bard re-  
 lates,

Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's  
 gates ?

## XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,  
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy  
 steep,

The mountain-moss by scorching skies im-  
brown'd,  
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must  
weep,  
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty  
glow.

## XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,  
And frequent turn to linger as you go,  
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,  
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;"  
Where frugal monks their little relics show,  
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:  
Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!  
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,  
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell. \*

## XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you  
spring,

Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:  
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—  
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:  
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath

Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's  
knife,

Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath ;  
And grove and glen with thousand such are  
rife

Throughout this purple land, where law secures  
not life.

### XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,  
Are domes where whilome kings did make  
repair ;

But now the wild flowers round them only  
breathe ;

Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there.  
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair :  
There thou too, Vathek ! England's wealthiest  
son,

Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware  
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds  
hath done,

Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to  
shun.

### XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of plea-  
sure plan

Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow :  
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,  
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !  
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow

To halls deserted, portals gaping wide :  
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how  
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;  
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide !

## XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened !

Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !  
With diadem hight foolscap, lo ! a fiend,  
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,  
There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by  
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,  
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,  
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,  
Wherat the Urchin points and laughs with all  
his soul.

## XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled  
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome ;  
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,  
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.  
Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,  
And policy regain'd what arms had lost :  
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom !  
Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,  
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's  
coast !

## XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,  
Britannia sickens, Cintra ! at thy name ;  
And folks in office at the mention fret,  
And fain would blush, if blush they could,  
for shame.

How will posterity the deed proclaim !  
Will not our own and fellow nations sneer  
To view these champions cheated of their fame.  
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,  
Where Scorn her finger points through many a  
coming year ?

## XXVII.

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains  
he  
Did take his way in solitary guise :  
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to  
flee,  
More restless than the swallow in the skies :  
Though here awhile he learned to moralise,  
For Meditation fix'd at times on him ;  
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise  
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim ;  
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew  
dim.

## XXVIII.

To horse ! to horse ! he quits, for ever quits  
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul :

Again he rouses from his moping fits,  
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.  
 Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal  
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage ;  
 And o'er him many changing scenes must roll  
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,  
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience  
 sage.

## XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,  
 Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless  
 queen ;  
 And church and court did mingle their array,  
 And mass and revel were alternate seen ;  
 Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween !  
 But here the Babylonian whore hath built  
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious  
 sheen,  
 That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,  
 And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish  
 guilt.

## XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,  
 (Oh, that such hills upheld a free-born race !)  
 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,  
 Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.  
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,

And marvel men should quit their easy-chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to  
trace,

Oh ! there is a sweetness in the mountain-air,  
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to  
share.

## XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length re-  
cede,

And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend ;  
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed !  
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds  
tend

Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader  
knows—

Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend :  
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,  
And all must shield their all, or share Subjec-  
tion's woes.

## XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,  
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide ?  
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,  
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide ?  
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride ?  
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall ?—  
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,

Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,  
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land  
from Gaul :

## XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,  
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,  
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.  
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,  
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;  
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke :  
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference  
know

Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

## XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been  
pass'd,

Dark Guadiana rolls his power along  
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,  
So noted ancient roundelays among.

Whilome upon his banks did legions throng  
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour  
drest :

Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk  
the strong ;

The Paynim turban and the Christian crest  
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts  
oppress'd.

## XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain ! renown'd romantic land !  
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,  
When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band  
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic  
gore ?

Where are those bloody banners which of yore  
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,  
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore ?  
Red gleam'd the cross, and wan'd the crescent  
pale,

While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish  
matrons' wail.

## XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?  
Ah ! such, alas ! the hero's amplest fate !  
When granite moulders and when records  
fail,

A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.  
Pride ! bend thine eye from heaven to thine  
estate,

See how the Mighty shrink into a song !  
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great ?  
Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,  
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History  
does thee wrong ?

## XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain ! awake ! advance !  
Lo ! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,  
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,  
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies :  
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,  
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's  
roar :

In every peal she calls—"Awake ! arise !"  
Say, is her voice more feeble, than of yore,  
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's  
shore ?

## XXXVIII.

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful  
note ?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?  
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,  
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank  
beneath

Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of  
death,

The bale-fires flash on high :—from rock to  
rock

Each volley tells that thousands cease to  
breathe ;

Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,  
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the  
shock.

## XXXIX.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,  
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,  
With death shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;  
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are  
done ;

For on this morn three potent nations meet,  
Toshed before his shrine the blood he deems most  
sweet.

## XL.

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see  
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)  
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,  
Their various arms that glitter in the air !  
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from  
their lair,  
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the  
prey !  
All join the chase, but few the triumph share ;  
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

## XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;  
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;

Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue  
skies ;

The shouts are France, Spain, Albion,  
Victory !

The foe, the victim, and the fond ally  
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
Are met—as if at home they could not die—  
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,

And fertilise the field that each pretends to gain.

## XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd  
fools !

Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their  
clay !

Vain Sophistry ! in these behold the tools,  
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way  
With human hearts—to what ?—a dream  
alone.

Can despots compass aught that hails their  
sway ?

Or call with truth one span of earth their own,  
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by  
bone ?

## XLIII.

O Albuera ! glorious field of grief !

As o'er thy plain the pilgrim prick'd his steed,

Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,  
A scene where mingling foes should boast and  
bleed !

Peace to the perish'd ! may the warrior's meed  
And tears of triumph their reward prolong !  
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,  
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,  
And shine in worthless lays the theme of transient  
song.

## XLIV.

Enough of battle's minions ! let them play  
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame :  
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,  
Though thousands fall to deck some single  
name.

In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim  
Who strike, blest hirelings ! for their country's  
good,  
And die, that living might have proved her  
shame ;  
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,  
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path  
pursued.

## XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way  
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued :  
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey !  
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,

Blackening her lovely domes with traces  
rude.

Inevitable hour ! 'Gainst Fate to strive  
Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood  
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre, might yet survive,  
And Virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to  
thrive.

## XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,  
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds ;  
Strange modes of merriment the hours con-  
sume,

Nor bleed these patriots with their country's  
wounds ;

Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck  
sounds ;

Here Folly still his votaries enthrals ;  
And young-eyed Lewdness walks hermidnight  
rounds ;

Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,  
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'ring  
walls.

## XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate  
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,  
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,  
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.

No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star  
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet :  
 Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye  
 mar,

Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret ;  
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be  
 happy yet !

## XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer ?  
 Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,  
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,  
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way ?  
 No ! as he speeds, he chants " Vivā el Rey !" <sup>1</sup>  
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,  
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day  
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-  
 eyed boy,  
 And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adul-  
 terate joy.

## XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd  
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets  
 rest,  
 Wide scatter'd hoof marks dint the wounded  
 ground ;  
 And, scathed by fire, the greensward's  
 darken'd vest  
 Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest :

Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and  
the host,  
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's  
nest ;  
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast ;  
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won  
and lost.

## L

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet  
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,  
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to  
greet.

Woe to the man who walks in public view  
Without of loyalty this token true :  
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke ;  
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,  
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,  
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the  
cannon's smoke.

## LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load ;  
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,  
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,  
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,  
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,  
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,  
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,  
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,

## LII.

Portend the deeds to come :—but he whose  
nod  
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,  
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod ;  
A little moment deigneth to delay :  
Soon will his legions sweep through these  
their way ;  
The West must own the Scourger of the world.  
Ah ! Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning  
day,  
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings  
unfurld,  
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to  
Hades hurl'd.

## LIII.

And must they fall ? the young, the proud,  
the brave,  
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome  
reign ?  
No step between submission and a grave ?  
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain ?  
And doth the Power that man adores ordain  
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal ?  
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain ?  
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,  
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's  
heart of steel ?

## LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
 And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,  
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of  
 war ?

And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
 Appall'd, an owlet's 'larum chill'd with dread,  
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,  
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead  
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might  
 quake to tread.

## LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
 Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour,  
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-  
 black veil,  
 Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,  
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's  
 power,  
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fear-  
 ful chase.

## LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;  
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post,

Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;  
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host :  
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?  
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?  
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope  
is lost ?

Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall ?

## LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,  
But form'd for all the witching arts of love :  
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,  
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate ;  
In softness as in firmness far above  
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate ;  
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance  
as great.

## LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd  
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his  
touch :

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,  
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such :  
Her glance how wildly beautiful ! how much  
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,  
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous  
clutch !

Who round the North for paler dames would seek?

How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!

## LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;

Match me, ye harems of the land! where now

I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;

Match me those Houris, whom ye scarce allow

To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,

With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,

There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,  
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

## LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,  
Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,

Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,

In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!  
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?

The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by

Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his  
string,  
Though from thy heights no more one Muse  
will wave her wing.

## LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of Thee ! whose glorious  
name  
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest  
lore :  
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas ! with shame  
That I in feeblest accents must adore.  
When I recount thy worshippers of yore  
I tremble, and can only bend the knee :  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,  
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee !

## LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have  
been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,  
Which others rave of, though they know it  
not ?  
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,  
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,

Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,  
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious  
wave.

## LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain  
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here ;  
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain ;  
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear ;  
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.  
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt  
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear ;  
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,  
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle  
vaunt.

## LXIV.

But ne'er did'st thou, fair Mount, when  
Greece was young,  
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,  
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung  
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,  
Behold a train more fitting to inspire  
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,  
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire :  
Ah ! that to these were given such peaceful  
shades  
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly  
her glades.

## LXV.

Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast  
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient  
days ;  
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,  
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.  
Ah, Vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous  
ways !  
While boyish blood is mantling, who can  
'scape  
The fascination of thy magic gaze ?  
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

## LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time !  
The Queen who conquers all must yield to  
thee—  
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a  
clime ;  
And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee,  
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of  
white ;  
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she  
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled  
Morn

Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,  
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn ;  
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns :  
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu  
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by  
turns.

## LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest :  
What hallows it upon this Christian shore ?  
Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn feast :  
Hark ! heard you not the forest-monarch's  
roar ?

Crushing the lance, he snuffs the spouting  
gore

Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his  
horn ;

The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for  
more ;

Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,  
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to  
mourn.

## LXIX.

The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.  
London ! right well thou know'st the day of  
prayer :

Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artizan,  
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air :  
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse  
chair,

And humblest gig through sundry suburbs  
whirl ;

To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make  
repair ;

Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
Provoking envious jibe from each pedestrian  
churl.

## LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,  
Others along the safer turnpike fly ;  
Some Richmond Hill ascend, some scud to  
Ware,

And many to the steep of Highgate hie.  
Ask ye, Bœotian shades ! the reason why ?  
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,  
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,  
In whose dread name both men and maids are  
sworn,

And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance  
till morn.

## LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,  
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea !  
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,  
Thy saint adorers count the rosary :  
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them  
    free

(Well do I ween the only virgin there)  
From crimes as numerous as her beads-  
    men be;

Then to the crowded circus forth they fare :  
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diver-  
    sion share.

## LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,  
Thousands on thousands piled are seated  
    round ;

Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found :  
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames  
    abound,

Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound,  
None through their cold disdain are doom'd  
    to die,

As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad  
    archery.

## LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
And lowly bending to the lists advance ;  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers feately  
prance :  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely  
glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils  
repay.

## LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore  
Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds ; but not before  
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed  
o'er,  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his  
speed ;  
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—  
Alas ! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and  
bleed.

## LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal  
falls,  
The den expands, and Expectation mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty  
brute,  
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding  
foot,  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :  
Here, there, he points his threatening front,  
to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

## LXXVI.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fix'd : away,  
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :  
Now is thy time to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers  
veer ;  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;  
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent  
clear :  
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;  
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings  
speak his woes.

## LXXVII.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,  
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;  
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force,  
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;  
Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,  
His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;  
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he  
    rears ;

Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed  
    he bears.

## LXXVIII.

Fcild, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,  
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances  
    brast,

And foes disabled in the brutal fray :  
And now the Matadores around him play,  
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready  
    brand :

Once more through all he bursts his thunder-  
    ing way—

Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyng  
    hand,

Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon  
    the sand !

## LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,

Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.

He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline :

Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,

Without a groan, without a struggle dies.

The decorated car appears—on high

The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—

Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,

Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

## LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites

The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.

Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.

What private feuds the troubled village stain !

Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,

Enough, alas ! in humble homes remain, To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow, For some slight cause of wrath whence life's warm stream must flow.

## LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled : his bars, his bolts,  
His wither'd sentinel, Duenna sage !  
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,  
Which the stern dotard deem'd he could  
    encage,  
Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age,  
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen  
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),  
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green.  
While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-  
    loving Queen ?

## LXXXII.

Oh ! many a time and oft, had Harold loved,  
Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream ;  
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,  
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream ;  
And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem  
+ Love has no gift so grateful as his wings :  
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,  
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs  
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom  
    flings.

## LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,  
Though now it moved him as it moves the  
    wise :

Not that Philosophy on such a mind  
E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes :  
But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies ;  
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,  
Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise :  
Pleasure's pall'd victim ! life abhorring gloom  
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting  
doom.

## LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng ;  
But view'd them not with misanthropic hate :  
Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the  
song ;  
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate ?  
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate :  
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's  
sway,  
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,  
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,  
To charms as fair as those that soothed his  
happier day.

TO INEZ. (*See note*)

## I.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow ;  
Alas ! I cannot smile again :  
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

## 2.

And dost thou ask what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth ?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe ?

## 3.

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,  
That bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I prize the most :

## 4.

It is that weariness which springs  
From all I meet, or hear, or see :  
To me no pleasure Beauty brings ;  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

## 5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore ;  
That will not look beyond the tomb,  
But cannot hope for rest before.

## 6.

What Exile from himself can flee ?  
To zones though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

## 7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
 And taste of all that I forsake ;  
 Oh ! may they still of transport dream,  
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake !

## 8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
 With many a retrospection curst ;  
 And all my solace is to know,  
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst. )

## 9.

What is that worst ? Nay, do not ask—  
 In pity from the search forbear :  
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

## LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz ! yea, a long adieu !  
 Who may forget how well thy walls have  
 stood ?  
 When all were changing, thou alone wert true,  
 First to be free, and last to be subdued :  
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,  
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,  
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud :  
 Here all were noble, save Nobility !  
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen  
 Chivalry !

## LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her  
fate !

They fight for freedom who were never free,  
A kingless people for a nerveless state ;  
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,  
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery :  
Fond of a land which gave them nought but  
life,

Pride points the path that leads to Liberty ;  
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,  
War, war is still the cry, “ War even to the  
knife ! ”

## LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards  
know,

Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife :  
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign  
foe

Can act, is acting there against man's life :  
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,  
War mouldeth there each weapon to his  
need—

So may he guard the sister and the wife,  
So may he make each curst oppressor  
bleed—

So may such foes deserve the most remorseless  
deed !

## LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead ?  
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain ;  
Look on the hands with female slaughter red ;  
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,  
Then to the vulture let each corse remain,  
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw ;  
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's  
unbleaching stain,  
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe :  
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes  
we saw !

## LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas ! the dreadful work is done ;  
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees :  
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,  
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.  
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain ; if freed, she  
frees  
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd :  
Strange retribution ! now Columbia's ease  
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons  
sustain'd,  
While o'er the parent-clime prowls Murder  
unrestrain'd.

## XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,  
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,

Not Albuera lavish of the dead,  
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.  
When shall her Olive Branch be free from  
blight ?  
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil ?  
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,  
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,  
**And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil !**

## XCI.

And thou, my friend !—since unavailing woe  
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—

Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,  
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain :

But thus unlaurell'd to descend in vain,  
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest !

What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest ?

## XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most !

Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear !  
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,  
In dreams deny me not to see thee here !

And Morn in secret shall renew the tear  
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,  
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,  
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

## XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage :  
Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.  
Is this too much ? stern Critic ! say not so :  
Patience ! and ye shall hear what he beheld  
In other lands where he was doom'd to go :  
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands  
were quell'd.



## CANTO THE SECOND.



### I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven ! but thou,  
alas !

Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—  
Goddess of Wisdom ! here thy temple was,  
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,  
And years, that bade thy worship to expire :  
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages  
slow,

Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire  
Of men who never feel the sacred glow

( That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd  
breasts bestow.

### II.

Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where,  
Where are thy men of might ? thy grand in  
soul ?

Gone—glimmering through the dream of  
things that were :

First in the race that led to Glory's goal,  
 They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?  
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!  
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole  
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering  
 tower,  
 Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the  
 shade of power.

## III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!  
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:  
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!  
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.  
 Even gods must yield—religions take their  
 turn:

'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other  
 creeds

Will rise with other years, till man shall learn  
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds—  
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is  
 built on reeds.

## IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to  
 heaven—

Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know  
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,  
 That being, thou wouldest be again, and go,

Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what region,  
    so  
On earth no more, but mingled with the  
skies ?  
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe ?  
    Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies :  
That little urn saith more than thousand  
homilies.

## V.

Or burst the vanish'd hero's lofty mound ;  
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :  
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around ;  
But now not one of saddening thousands  
    weeps,  
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps  
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.  
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd  
    heaps :  
Is that a temple where a God may dwell ?  
Why, ev'n the worm at last disdains her  
shatter'd cell !

## VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul :  
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,

And Passion's host that never brook'd control :

Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?

## VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !  
“ All that we know is, nothing can be known.” }  
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ? }

Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers }  
groan }

With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.  
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;

Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :  
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,

Put Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

## VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be  
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee  
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;  
How sweet it were in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal labours light !

To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !

Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,  
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught  
the right !

## IX.

There, thou !—whose love and life together fled,  
Have left me here to love and live in vain—  
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead  
When busy Memory flashes on my brain ?  
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,  
And woo the vision to my vacant breast :  
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,  
Be as it may Futurity's behest,  
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest !

## X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,  
The marble column's yet unshaken base ;  
Here, son of Saturn ! was thy fav'rite throne :  
Mightiest of many such ! Hence let me trace  
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.  
It may not be : nor ev'n can Fancy's eye  
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.  
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh ;  
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

## XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane  
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee  
The latest relic of her ancient reign ;  
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he ?  
Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !  
England ! I joy no child he was of thine :  
Thy free-born men should spare what once  
    was free ;

Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,  
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant  
    brine.

## XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,  
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath  
    spared :

Cold as the crags upon his native coast,  
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,  
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand  
    prepared,

Aught to displace Athena's poor remains :  
Her sons, too weak the sacred shrine to guard,  
    Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,  
And never knew, till then, the weight of De-  
    spot's chains.

## XIII.

What ! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,  
Albion was happy in Athena's tears ?

Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,

Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears ;  
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears  
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land :  
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,

Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,

Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

## XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas ! that appall'd Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ?

Where Peleus' son ? whom Hell in vain enthralld,

His shade from Hades upon that dread day Bursting to light in terrible array !

What ! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,

To scare a second robber from his prey ?

Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,

Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

## XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece ! that looks on thee,-

Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved

Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines  
removed

By British hands, which it had best behoved  
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.  
Curst be the hour when from their isle they  
roved,

And once again thy hapless bosom gored,  
And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern  
climes abhor'd !

## XVI.

But where is Harold ? shall I then forget  
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave ?  
Little reck'd he of all that men regret ; . .  
No loved one now in feign'd lament could rave ;  
No friend the parting hand extended gave,  
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes :  
Hard is his heart whom charms may not  
enslave ;

But Harold felt not as in other times,  
And left without a sigh the land of war and  
crimes.

## XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea  
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight ;  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,  
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight ;

Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,  
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in their  
flight,  
The dullest sailor wearing bravely now,  
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

## XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within !  
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,  
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,  
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high :  
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering  
cry !

While through the seaman's hand the tackle  
glides ;  
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin  
guides.

## XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant  
walks :

Look on that part which sacred doth remain  
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,  
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks  
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks

Conquest and fame : but Britons rarely swerve  
From law, however stern, which tends their  
strength to nerve.

## XX.

Blow ! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling  
gale !

Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening  
ray ;

Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,  
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.  
Ah ! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,  
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest  
breeze !

What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,  
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs  
like these !

## XXI.

The moon is up ; by Heaven, a lovely eve :  
Long strains of light o'er dancing waves  
expand ;

Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids  
believe :

Such be our fate when we return to land !  
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand  
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love ;  
A circle there of merry listeners stand,

Or to some well-known measure featly move,  
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free  
to rove.

## XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore,  
Europe and Afric on each other gaze !  
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor  
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze :  
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,  
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,  
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase ;  
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,  
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

## XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel  
We once have loved, though love was at an end :  
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.  
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy ?  
Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,

Death hath but little left him to destroy !  
Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not  
be a boy ?

## XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,  
The soul forgets her schemes of hope and  
pride,  
And flies unconscious o'er each backward  
year.  
None are so desolate but something dear,  
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd  
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;  
A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast  
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

## XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion  
dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
Alone o'er steps and foaming falls to lean ;  
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her  
stores unroll'd.

## XXVI.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of  
men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can  
bless ;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !  
None that, with kindred consciousness en-  
dued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;  
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

## XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,  
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,  
Watching at eve upon the giant height,  
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so  
serene,  
That he who there at such an hour hath been  
Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot ;  
Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,  
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,  
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

## XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track  
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;

Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,  
And each well-known caprice of wave and  
wind ;

Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
Coop'd in their wingèd sea-girt citadel ;  
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,  
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land ! and all is  
well.

## XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,  
The sister tenants of the middle deep ;  
There for the weary still a haven smiles,  
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to  
weep,

And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep  
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride :  
Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap  
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;  
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen  
doubly sigh'd.

## XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone :  
But trust not this : too easy youth, beware !  
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous  
throne,

And thou mayst find a new Calypso there.  
Sweet Florence ! could another ever share

This wayward, loveless heart, it would be  
thine :  
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare  
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,  
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for  
mine.

## XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye  
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought  
Save admiration glancing harmless by ;  
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,  
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,  
But knew him as his worshipper no more,  
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought :  
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,  
Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway  
was o'er.

## XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,  
One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,  
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,  
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,  
Their hope, their doom, their punishment,  
their law ;  
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen  
claims ;  
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw

Nor felt, nor feign'd at least the oft-told  
flames,  
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely  
anger dames.

## XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,  
Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,  
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,  
And spread its snares licentious far and wide ;  
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,  
As long as aught was worthy to pursue :  
But Harold on such arts no more relied ;  
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,  
Yet never would he join the lover's whining  
crew.

## XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,  
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs ;  
What careth she for hearts when once pos-  
sess'd !  
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes ;  
But not too humbly, or she will despise  
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving  
tropes :  
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise ;  
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes ;  
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion  
crowns thy hopes.

## XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson ; Time approves it true,  
 And those who know it best deplore it most,  
 When all is won that all desire to woo,  
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost :  
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,  
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion !  
 these !

If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,  
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,  
 Not to be cured when love itself forgets to  
 please.

## XXXVI.

Away ! nor let me loiter in my song,  
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread,  
 And many a varied shore to sail along,  
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—  
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head  
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought ;  
 Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,  
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought ;  
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be  
 taught.

## XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,  
 Though always changing in her aspect mild ;  
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,  
 Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd  
 child.

Oh ! she is fairest in her features wild,  
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her  
path :  
To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
Though I have mark'd her when none other  
hath,  
And sought her more and more, and loved her  
best in wrath.

## XXXVIII.

Land of Albania ! where Iskander rose,  
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,  
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes  
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise :  
Land of Albania ! let me bend mine eyes  
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men !  
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,  
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,  
Through many a cypress grove within each  
city's ken.

## XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren  
spot,  
Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave ;  
And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,  
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.  
Dark Sappho ! could not verse immortal save  
That breast imbued with such immortal fire ?  
Could she not live who life eternal gave ?

If life eternal may await the lyre,  
That only Heaven to which Earth's children  
may aspire.

## XL.

"Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve  
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar ;  
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave :  
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,  
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ;  
Mark them unmoved, for he would not de-light

(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)  
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,  
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at  
martial wight.

## XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above  
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,  
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,  
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow ;  
And as the stately vessel glided slow  
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,  
He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,  
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,  
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his  
pallid front.

## XLII.

Morn dawns : and with it stern Albania's hills,  
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,  
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,  
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,  
Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,  
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer ;  
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,  
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,  
And gathering storms around convulse the  
closing year.

## XLIII.

Now Harold found himself at length alone,  
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;  
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,  
Which all admire, but many dread to view :  
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants  
were few ;  
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet ;  
The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;  
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,  
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed  
summer's heat.

## XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,  
Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,

Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood  
dear ;  
Churchman and votary alike despised.  
Foul Superstition, howsoe'er disguised,  
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,  
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,  
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !  
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy  
dross ?

## XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost  
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !  
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host  
Did many a Roman chief, and Asian king  
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :  
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose ;  
Now, like the hands that rear'd them, wither-  
ing :

Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes !  
GOD ! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win  
and lose ?

## XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,  
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,  
Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount  
sublime,  
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales ;

Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales  
Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast  
A charm they know not ; loved Parnassus  
fails,  
Though classic ground and consecrated most,  
To match some spots that lurk within this  
lowering coast.

## XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,  
And left the primal city of the land,  
And onwards did his further journey take  
To greet Albania's chief, whose dread com-  
mand  
Is lawless law ; for with a bloody hand  
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold ;  
Yet here and there some daring mountain-  
band  
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold  
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

## XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza ! from thy shady brow,  
Thou small but favour'd spot of holy ground !  
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are  
found !  
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole :  
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound

Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll  
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet  
please the soul.

## XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,  
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh  
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,  
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high :  
Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,  
Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by  
Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee  
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen  
to see.

## L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,  
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;  
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his  
breast,

From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze ;  
The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize  
Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching  
ray

Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :  
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,  
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve  
away.

## LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,  
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,  
Chimæra's alps extend from left to right :  
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;  
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the  
mountain-fir  
Nodding above ; behold black Acheron !  
Once consecrated to the sepulchre.  
Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,  
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall  
seek for none.

## LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;  
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,  
Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are  
few,  
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;  
But, peering down each precipice, the goat  
Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,  
The little shepherd in his white capote  
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived  
shock.

## LIII.

Oh ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,  
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine ?

What valley echoed the response of Jove ?  
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's  
shrine ?

All, all forgotten—and shall man repine  
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?  
Cease, fool ! the fate of gods may well be  
thine :

Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?  
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink  
beneath the stroke !

#### LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;  
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye  
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale  
As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye :  
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,  
Where some bold river breaks the long ex-  
panse,  
And woods along the banks are waving high,  
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,  
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's  
solemn trance.

#### LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,  
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;  
The shades of wonted night were gathering  
yet,  
When, down the steep banks winding warily,

Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,  
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,  
Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and  
                drawing nigh,  
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men  
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the  
lengthening glen.

## LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,  
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate  
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,  
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.  
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,  
While busy preparation shook the court,  
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons  
                wait ;  
Within, a palace, and without, a fort :  
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

## LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row  
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,  
Circled the wide-extending court below ;  
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore ;  
And oft-times through the area's echoing door,  
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed  
                away :  
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the  
Moor,

Here mingled in their many-hued array,  
While the deep war-drum's sound announced  
the close of day.

## LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,  
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,  
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see ;  
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;  
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,  
And crooked glaive ; the lively, supple Greek ;  
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;  
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to  
speak,  
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

## LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous : some recline in  
groups,  
Scanning the motley scene that varies round ;  
There some grave Moslem to devotion  
stoops,  
And some that smoke, and some that play,  
are found ;  
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground ;  
Half whispering there the Greek is heard to  
prate ;  
Hark ! from the mosque the nightly solemn  
sound,

The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,  
 "There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo!  
 God is great!"

## LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast  
 Through the long day its penance did main-  
 tain :

But when the lingering twilight hour was past,  
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again :  
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train  
 Prepared and spread the plenteous board  
 within ;

The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,  
 But from the chambers came the mingling  
 din,

As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

## LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart  
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,  
 She yields to one her person and her heart,  
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove : )—W  
 For, not unhappy in her master's love,  
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,  
 Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !  
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she  
 bears,

Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion  
 shares.

## LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring  
Of living water from the centre rose,  
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,  
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,  
ALI reclined, a man of war and woes :  
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws  
Along that aged venerable face,  
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him  
with disgrace.

## LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard  
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ;  
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,  
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—  
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,  
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man  
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth ;  
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal  
span,  
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood  
began.

## LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye  
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,  
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,  
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat

Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice  
retreat

Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise :  
And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet ;  
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,

And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of  
both destroys.

## LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack  
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.  
Where is the foe that ever saw their back ?  
Who can so well the toil of war endure ?  
Their native fastnesses not more secure  
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need ;  
Their wrath how deadly ! but their friendship  
sure,

When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,  
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may  
lead.

## LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's  
tower

Thronging to war in splendour and success ;  
And after view'd them, when, within their  
power,

Himself awhile the victim of distress ;  
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier  
press :

But these did shelter him beneath their roof,  
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him  
    less,  
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—  
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand  
    the proof!

## LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his  
    bark  
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,  
When all around was desolate and dark ;  
To land was perilous, to sojourn more ;  
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,  
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk .  
At length they ventured forth, though doubt-  
    ing sore  
That those who loathe alike the Frank and  
    Turk  
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-  
    work.

## LXVIII.

Vain fear ! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome  
    hand,  
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous  
    swamp,  
Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not so  
    bland,  
And piled the hearth, and wrung their gar-  
    ments damp,

And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful  
lamp,

And spread their fare ; though homely, all  
they had :

Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp :

To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,

Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least  
the bad.

### LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address  
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,

Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,  
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;

And therefore did he take a trusty band  
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,

In war well-season'd, and with labours tann'd,  
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,

And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds  
espied.

### LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,  
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,  
How brown the foliage of the green hill's  
grove,

Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's  
breast,

As winds come lightly whispering from the  
west,

Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene :—  
Here Harold was received a welcome guest ;  
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,  
For many a joy could he from Night's soft  
presence glean.

## LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly  
blazed,  
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,  
And he that unawares had there ygazed,  
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast ;  
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was  
past,  
The native revels of the troop began ;  
Each Palikar his sabre from him cast,  
And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to  
man,  
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the  
kirtled clan.

## LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood  
And view'd, but not displeased, the revelrie,  
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :  
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see  
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee ;  
And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,  
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,

The long wild locks that to their girdles  
stream'd,  
While thus in concert they this lay half sang,  
half scream'd :—

## I.

Tambourgi ! Tambourgi ! thy 'larum afar  
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;  
All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,  
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !

## 2.

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,  
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote ?  
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild  
flock,  
And descends to the plain like the stream  
from the rock.

## 3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive  
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?  
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance  
forego ?  
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?

## 4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;  
For a time they abandon the cave and the  
chase ;

But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder,  
before  
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

## 5.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,  
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,  
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,  
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

## 6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,  
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy ;  
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,  
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

## 7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,  
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe ;  
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,  
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

## 8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,  
 The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conqueror's  
     yell ;  
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we  
     shared,  
 The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we  
     spared.

## 9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear ;  
 He neither must know who would serve the  
     Vizier :  
 Since the days of our prophet the Crescent  
     ne'er saw  
 A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

## 10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,  
 Let the yellow-hair'd Giaours view his horse-  
     tail with dread ;  
 When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er  
     the banks,  
 How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

## 11.

Selictar ! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar ;  
 Tambourgi ! thy 'larum gives promise of war,  
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,  
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more !

## LXXXIII.

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !  
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen,  
great !  
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children  
forth,  
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate ?  
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,  
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—  
Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,  
Leap from Eurota's banks, and call thee from the  
tomb ?

## LXXXIV.

Spirit of freedom ! when on Phyle's brow  
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his  
train,  
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which  
now  
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic  
plain ?  
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,  
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;  
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,  
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish  
hand ;  
From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed,  
unmann'd.

## LXXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed ! and  
 who  
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,  
 Who would but deem their bosoms burn'd  
 anew  
 With thy unquenchèd beam, lost Liberty !  
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh  
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage :  
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,  
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,  
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mourn-  
 ful page.

## LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not  
 Who would be free themselves must strike  
 the blow ?  
 By their right arms the conquest must be  
 wrought ?  
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !  
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers  
 low,  
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.  
 Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !  
 Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still  
 the same ;  
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of  
 shame.

## LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,  
The Giaour from Othman's race again may  
wrest;

And the Serai's impenetrable tower  
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;  
Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest  
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,  
May wind their path of blood along the West;  
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil.

But slave succeed to slave through years of  
endless toil.

## LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,  
That penance which their holy rites prepare  
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,  
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer:  
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,  
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,  
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,  
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,  
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

## LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than  
thine,  
O Stamboul! once the empress of their  
reign?

Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,  
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain :  
(Alas ! her woes will still pervade my strain !)  
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her  
throng,  
All felt the common joy they now must feign,  
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such  
song,  
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus  
along.

## LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,  
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,  
And timely echo'd back the measured oar,  
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan :  
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,  
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the  
wave,  
'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,  
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,  
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks  
they lave.

## LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caique along the foam,  
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,  
No thought had man or maid of rest or home,  
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand

Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,  
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still :  
O Love ! young Love ! bound in thy rosy band,  
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill !

## LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,  
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,

Even through the closest searment half betray'd ?

To such the gentle murmurs of the main  
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain ;  
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd  
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain :

How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,  
And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud !

## LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,  
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast :  
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,  
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,  
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword :  
Ah ! Greece ! they love thee least who owe  
thee most—

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime  
record

Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate  
horde !

## LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,  
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,  
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,  
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to  
men,

Then may'st thou be restored ; but not till  
then.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a  
state ;

An hour may lay it in the dust : and when  
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,  
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and  
Fate ?

## LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,  
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art  
thou !

Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now :

Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,  
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,  
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough :  
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,  
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth ;

## LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns  
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ;  
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave ;  
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,  
 Where the grey stones and unmolested grass  
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave ;  
 While strangers only not regardless pass,  
 Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh  
 “ Alas ! ”

## LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;  
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy  
     fields,  
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
 And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields ;  
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress  
     builds,  
 The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air ;  
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;  
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

## LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground ;  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
Til' the sense aches with gazing to behold  
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt  
upon ;  
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and  
wold  
Defies the power which crushed thy temples  
gone :  
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey  
Marathon.

## LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;  
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord :  
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame  
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde  
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,  
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,  
When Marathon became a magic word ;  
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's  
career,

## XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;

Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain  
below ;  
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear ;  
Such was the scene—what now remaineth  
here ?  
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd  
ground,  
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?  
The rifled urn, the violated mound,  
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger !  
spurns around.

## XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past,  
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearyed, throng ;  
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,  
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;  
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue  
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;  
Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !  
Which sages venerate and bards adore,  
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

## XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,  
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome  
hearth ;  
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,  
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.

Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth :  
 But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,  
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,  
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,  
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and  
 Persian died.

## XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,  
 And pass in peace along the magic waste ;  
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand  
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced !  
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed :  
 Revere the remnants nations once revered :  
 So may our country's name be undisgraced,  
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was  
 rear'd,

By every honest joy of love and life endear'd !

## XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song  
 Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious  
 lays,  
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng  
 Of louder minstrels in these later days :  
 To such resign the strife for fading bays—  
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move  
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial  
 praise,

Since cold each kinder heart that might  
approve,  
And none are left to please when none are left  
to love.

## XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one !  
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to  
me ;  
Who did for me what none beside have done,  
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.  
What is my being ? thou hast ceased to be !  
Nor stayed to welcome here thy wanderer  
home,  
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more  
shall see—  
Would they had never been, or were to come !  
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause  
to roam !

## XCVI.

Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and beloved !  
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,  
And clings to thoughts now better far re-  
moved !  
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.  
All thou could'st have of mine, stern Death !  
thou hast ;  
The parent, friend, and now the more than  
friend ;

Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,  
And grief with grief continuing still to  
blend,  
Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to  
lend.

## XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,  
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek ?  
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly  
loud,  
False to the heart, distorts the hollow  
cheek,  
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak ;  
Still o'er the features, which perforce they  
cheer,  
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique ?  
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,  
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled  
sneer.

## XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age ?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the  
brow ?  
To view each loved one blotted from life's  
page,  
And be alone on earth, as I am now.  
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,  
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd :

Roll on, vain days ! full reckless may ye  
flow,  
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul en-  
joy'd,  
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years  
alloy'd.



## CANTO THE THIRD.

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"Afin que cette application vous forcât de penser à autre chose ; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps."—*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.*

### I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child !  
ADA ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they  
smiled,  
And then we parted,—not as now we part,  
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me ; and on high  
The winds lift up their voices : I depart,  
Whither I know not ; but the hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve  
or glad mine eye.

### II.

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar !  
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead !

Though the strain'd mast should quiver as  
a reed,  
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on ; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's  
breath prevail.

## III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind ;  
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,  
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
Bears the cloud onwards : in that Tale I find  
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up  
tears,  
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower  
appears.

## IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,  
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a  
string,

And both may jar ! it may be, that in vain  
I would essay as I have sung to sing.  
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling ;  
So that it wean me from the weary dream  
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling

Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem  
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful  
theme.

## V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,  
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,  
So that no wonder waits him ; nor below  
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,  
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife  
Of silent, sharp endurance : he can tell  
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet  
    rise

With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's  
    haunted cell.

## VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense than we endow  
With form our fancy, gaining as we give  
The life we image, even as I do now  
What am I ? Nothing : but not so art thou,  
Soul of my thought ! with whom I traverse  
    earth,  
Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,  
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feel-  
    ings' dearth.

## VII.

Yet must I think less wildly—I *have* thought  
Too long and darkly, till my brain became  
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame :  
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to  
tame,

My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too  
late !

Yet am I changed ; though still enough the  
same

In strength to bear what time cannot abate,  
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

## VIII.

Something too much of this :—but now 'tis  
past,

And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
Long-absent HAROLD re-appears at last ;  
He of the breast which fain no more would  
feel

Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but  
ne'er heal ;

Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
In soul and aspect as in age : years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour from the  
limb ;

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the  
brim.

## IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found  
The dregs were wormwood ; but he fill'd again,  
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,  
And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain !  
Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,  
And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with  
    pain,  
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew  
    keen,  
Entering with every step he took through many  
    a scene.

## X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd  
Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd  
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,  
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind ;  
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand  
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to  
    find

Fit speculation ; such as in strange land  
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's  
    hand.

## XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek  
To wear it ? who can curiously behold

The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,  
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?  
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold  
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb ?  
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd  
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,  
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

## XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
 Of men to herd with Man ; with whom he held  
 Little in common ; untaught to submit  
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd  
 In youth by his own thoughts ; still uncom-  
 pell'd,  
 He would not yield dominion of his mind  
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd ;  
 Proud though in desolation ; which could find  
 A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

## XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;  
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,

He had the passion and the power to roam ;  
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
Were unto him companionship ; they spake  
A mutual language, clearer than the tome  
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake

For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

## XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams ; and earth, and earth-born jars,

And human frailties, were forgotten quite :  
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight  
He had been happy ; but this clay will sink  
Its spark immortal, envying it the light  
To which it mounts, as if to break the link  
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us  
to its brink.

## XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing  
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,  
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,

To whom the boundless air alone were home :

Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,  
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat  
His breast and beak against his wiry dome  
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat  
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom  
eat.

## XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
With naught of hope left, but with less of  
gloom ;

The very knowledge that he lived in vain,  
That all was over on this side the tomb,  
Had made despair a smilingness assume,  
Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plun-  
dered wreck

When mariners would madly meet their doom  
With draughts intemperate on the sinking  
deck,—

Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to  
check.

## XVII.

Stop !—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !  
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !  
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?  
No column trophied for triumphal show ?  
None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—  
How that red rain hath made the harvest  
grow !

And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making  
 Victory ?

## XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo !  
 How in an hour the power which gave annuls  
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too !  
 In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,  
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,  
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations  
 through ;

Ambition's life and labours all were vain ;  
 He wears the shatter'd links of the world's  
 broken chain.

## XIX.

Fit retribution :—Gaul may champ the bit  
 And foam in fetters ;—but is Earth more  
 free ?

Did nations combat to make *One* submit ;  
 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty ?  
 What ! shall reviving Thraldom again be  
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days ?  
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
 Pay the Wolf homage ? proffering lowly  
 gaze

And servile knees to thrones ? No ; *prove* before  
 ye praise !

## XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more !  
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot  
tears

For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
The trampler of her vineyards ; in vain years  
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
Of roused-up millions ; all that most endears  
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword  
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant  
lord.

## XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave  
men ;

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake  
again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like  
a rising knell !

## XXII.

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;

On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure  
meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying  
feet—  
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once  
more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening  
roar !

## XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic  
ear ;  
And when they smiled because he deem'd it  
near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could  
quell ;  
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting,  
fell.

## XXIV.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of  
distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago,  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking  
sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could  
guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn  
could rise !

#### XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the  
steed,

The mustering squadron, and the clattering  
car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe !  
they come ! they come !"

#### XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"  
rose !

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills

Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon  
foes :—

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which  
fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans  
man's ears !

## XXVII.

And Ardennes waves above them her green  
leaves,

Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall  
grow

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe

And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold  
and low.

## XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of  
strife,

The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day

Battle's magnificently stern array !  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when  
rent  
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and  
pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red  
burial blent !

## XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than  
mine :  
Yet one I would select from that proud throng  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
And partly that bright names will hallow song ;  
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd  
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files  
along,  
Even where the thickest of war's tempest  
lower'd,  
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine,  
young gallant Howard !

## XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts  
for thee,  
And mine were nothing had I such to give ;  
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,

Which living waves where thou didst cease  
to live,

And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
Came forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,

I turn'd from all she brought to those she  
could not bring.

## XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each  
And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach  
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;  
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must  
awake

Those whom they thirst for ; though the  
sound of Fame

May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
The fever of vain longing, and the name  
So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer  
claim.

## XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and,  
smiling, mourn,

The tree will wither long before it fall ;  
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be  
torn ;

The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall

In massy hoariness ; the ruin'd wall  
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are  
gone ;  
The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;  
The day drags through, though storms keep  
out the sun ;  
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly  
live on :

## XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies ; and makes  
A thousand images of one that was,  
The same, and still the more, the more it  
breaks ;  
And thus the heart will do which not for-  
sakes,  
Living in shatter'd guise ; and still, and  
cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,  
Yet withers on till all without is old,  
Showing no visible sign, for such things are  
untold.

## XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,  
Vitality of poison,—a quick root  
Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it  
were  
As nothing did we die ; but Life will suit

Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,  
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,  
All ashes to the taste : did man compute  
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er  
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he  
name threescore ?

## XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man :  
They are enough ; and if thy tale be *true*,  
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleet-  
ing span,  
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo !  
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew  
Their children's lips shall echo them, and  
say—  
“Here, where the sword united nations drew,  
Our countrymen were warring on that day !”  
And this is much, and all which will not  
pass away.

## XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,  
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,  
One moment of the mightiest, and again  
On little objects with like firmness fixt ;  
Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been be-  
twixt,  
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been ;  
For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st

Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,  
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of  
the scene !

## XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !  
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild  
name  
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than  
now  
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,  
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became  
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert  
A god unto thyself ; nor less the same  
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou  
didst assert.

## XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,  
Battling with nations, flying from the field ;  
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool,  
now  
More than thy meanest soldier taught to  
yield ;  
An empire thou couldst crush, command, re-  
build,  
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,  
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,

Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of  
war,  
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the  
loftiest star.

## XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning  
tide  
With that untaught innate philosophy,  
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,  
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.  
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,  
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast  
smiled  
With a sedate and all-enduring eye ;—  
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite  
child, .  
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him  
piled.

## XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes ; for in them  
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show  
That just habitual scorn, which could contemn  
Men and their thoughts ; 'twas wise to feel,  
not so  
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use  
. Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow :

'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;  
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who  
choose.

## XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,  
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall  
alone,  
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the  
shock ;  
But men's thoughts were the steps which  
paved thy throne,  
*Their* admiration thy best weapon shone :  
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then  
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)  
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;  
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a  
den.

## XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a fire  
And motion of the soul which will not dwell  
In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;  
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

## XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men  
mad

By their contagion ; Conquerors and Kings,  
Founders of sects and systems, to whom  
add

Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things  
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret  
springs,

And are themselves the fools to those they  
fool ;

Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings  
Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a  
school

Which would unteach mankind the lust to  
shine or rule !

## XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,  
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
That should their days, surviving perils  
past,

Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;  
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to  
waste

With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,  
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

## XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and  
snow ;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,  
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,  
*Round* him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those  
summits led.

## XLVI.

Away with these ! true Wisdom's world  
will be  
Within its own creation, or in thine,  
Maternal Nature ! for who teems like thee,  
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?  
There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
A blending of all beauties ; streams and  
dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, moun-  
tain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern fare-  
wells  
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly  
dwells.

## XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the crannyng wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the crowd.  
There was a day when they were young and  
proud ;

Banners on high, and battles pass'd below ;  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust  
ere now,

And the bleak battlements shall bear no  
future blow.

## XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those  
walls,

Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud  
state

Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

What want these outlaws conquerors should  
have

But history's purchased page to call them  
great ?

A wider space, an ornamented grave !

Their hopes were not less warm, their souls  
were full as brave.

## XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !  
And Love, which lent a blazon to their  
shields,  
With emblems well devised by amorous  
pride,  
Through all the mail of iron hearts would  
glide ;  
But still their flame was fierceness, and  
drew on  
Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
And many a tower for some fair mischief won  
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

## L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river !  
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
Through banks whose beauty would endure  
for ever  
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to  
see  
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
Earth paved like Heaven ; and to seem  
such to me,  
Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it  
should Lethe be.

## LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,  
But these and half their fame have pass'd  
away.  
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering  
ranks ;  
Their very graves are gone, and what are  
they ?  
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yester-  
day,  
And all was stainless, and on thy clear  
stream  
Glass'd, with its dancing light, the sunny  
ray ;  
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting  
dream  
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as  
they seem.

## LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,  
Yet not insensible to all which here  
Awoke the jocund birds to early song  
In glens which might have made even exile  
dear :  
Though on his brow were graven lines  
austere,  
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en the  
place  
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,

Joy was not always absent from his face,  
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with  
transient trace.

## LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his  
days  
Of passion had consumed themselves to  
dust.  
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
On such as smile upon us ; the heart must  
Leap kindly back to kindness, though dis-  
gust  
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings : thus  
he felt,  
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet  
trust  
In one fond breast, to which his own would  
melt,  
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom  
dwelt.

## LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not  
why,  
For this in such as him seems strange of  
mood,—  
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,  
Even in its earliest nurture ; what subdued,

To change like this, a mind so far imbued  
With scorn of man, it little boots to know ;  
But thus it was ; and though in solitude  
Small power the nipp'd affections have to  
grow,  
In him this glow'd when all beside had  
ceased to glow.

## LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been  
said,  
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties  
Than the Church links withal ; and, though  
unwed,  
*That* love was pure, and, far above disguise,  
Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
Still undivided, and cemented more  
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes ;  
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore  
Well to that heart might his these absent  
greetings pour !

## I.

The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,

And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

## 2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of  
grey ;  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

## 3.

I send the lilies given to me ;  
Though long before thy hand they touch,  
I know that they must wither'd be  
But yet reject them not as such ;  
For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,

And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,  
And offer'd from my heart to thine !

## 4.

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round :  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

## LVI.

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
There is a small and simple pyramid,  
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound ;  
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,  
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid  
Honour to Marceau ! o'er whose early tomb  
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough  
soldier's lid,  
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,  
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to  
resume.

## LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—  
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;  
And fitly may the stranger lingering here  
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;  
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,  
The few in number, who had not o'erstept  
The charter to chastise which she bestows  
On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

## LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall  
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height  
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball  
Rebounding idly on her strength did light :  
A tower of victory ! from whence the flight  
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain :  
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,

And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's  
rain—

On which the iron shower for years had pour'd  
in vain.

## LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long de-  
lighted

The stranger fain would linger on his way !  
Thine is a scene alike where souls united  
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;  
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to  
prey

On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,  
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,  
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

## LX.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !

There can be no farewell to scene like  
thine ;

The mind is colour'd by thy every hue ;  
And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely  
Rhine !

'Tis with the thankful heart of parting  
praise ;

More mighty spots may rise, more glaring  
shine,

But none unite in one attaching maze  
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old  
days.

## LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom  
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls be-  
tween,  
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets  
been,  
In mockery of man's art ; and these withal  
A race of faces happy as the scene,  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires  
near them fall.

## LXII

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy  
scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to show  
How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave  
vain man below.

## LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,  
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—  
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain;  
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,  
A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast  
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

## LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,  
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;  
They were true Glory's stainless victories,  
Won by the unambitious heart and hand  
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,  
All unbought champions in no princely cause  
Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land

Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic  
clause.

## LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
A grey and grief worn aspect of old days ;  
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,  
And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd  
gaze  
Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
Yet still with consciousness ; and there it  
stands  
Making a marvel that it not decays,  
When the coeval pride of human hands,  
Levell'd Adventicum, hath strew'd her subject  
lands.

## LXVI.

And there—oh ! sweet and sacred be the  
name !—

Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave  
Her youth to heaven ; her heart, beneath a  
claim

Nearest to heaven's, broke o'er a father's  
grave.

Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers  
would crave  
The life she lived in ; but the judge was  
just,

And then she died on him she could not save.

Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,  
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

## LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,

And names that must not wither, though the earth

Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;

The high, the mountain-majesty of worth  
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
And from its immortality look forth

In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,  
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

## LXVIII.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,  
The mirror where the stars and mountains view

The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue :

There is too much of man here, to look  
through  
With a fit mind the might which I behold ;  
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew  
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than  
of old,  
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me  
in their fold.

## LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind :  
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
In the hot throng, where we become the  
spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and long.  
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,  
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
Midst a contentious world, striving where  
none are strong.

## LXXX.

There, in a moment we may plunge our  
years  
In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,  
And colour things to come with hues of  
Night ;

The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
To those that walk in darkness ; on the sea  
The boldest steer but where their ports  
invite ;  
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd  
ne'er shall be.

## LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?  
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,  
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
A fair but foward infant her own care,  
Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—  
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict  
or bear ?

## LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me ; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture : I can see  
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be  
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can  
flee,

And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain  
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

## LXXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life :  
I look upon the peopled desert past,  
As on a place of agony and strife,  
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,  
To act and suffer, but remount at last  
With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,  
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast  
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,  
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

## LXXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free  
From what it hates in this degraded form,  
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be Existent happier in the fly and worm,—  
When elements to elements conform,  
And dust is as it should be, shall I not Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?

The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each  
spot?  
Of which, even now, I share at times the  
immortal lot?

## LXXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a  
part

Of me and of my soul, as I of them?

Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
With a pure passion? should I not contemn  
All objects, if compared with these? and  
stem

A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
Such feelings for the hard and wordly  
phlegm

Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,  
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which  
dare not glow?

## LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return  
To that which is immediate, and require  
Those who find contemplation in the urn,  
To look on One, whose dust was once all  
fire,

A native of the land where I respire  
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,  
Where he became a being,—whose desire

Was to be glorious ; 'twas a foolish quest,  
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all  
rest.

## LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,  
The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
Enchantment over passion, and from woe  
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew  
The breath which made him wretched ; yet  
he knew  
How to make madness beautiful, and  
cast  
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly  
hue  
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they  
past  
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feel-  
ingly and fast.

## LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence :—as a  
tree  
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame  
Kindled he was, and blasted ; for to be  
Thus and enamour'd, were in him the  
same.

But his was not the love of living dame,  
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,  
But of ideal beauty, which became  
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems  
Along his burning page, distemper'd though  
it seems.

## LXXIX.

*This* breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*  
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;  
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss  
Which every morn his fever'd lip would  
greet,  
From hers, who but with friendship his  
would meet ;  
But to that gentle touch through brain and  
breast  
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring  
heat ;  
In that absorbing sigh perchance more  
blest  
Than vulgar minds may be with all they  
seek possest.

## LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought  
foes,  
Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his  
mind

Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and  
chose,

For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,  
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange  
and blind.

But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may  
know?

Since cause might be which skill could  
never find;

But he was phrensied by disease or woe,  
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a  
reasoning show.

### LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him  
came,

As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,  
Those oracles which set the world in flame,  
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no  
more:

Did he not this for France? which lay  
before

Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?  
Broken and trembling to the yoke she  
bore,

Till by the voice of him and his compeers  
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows  
o'ergrown fears?

## LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument !  
The wreck of old opinions—things which  
grew,  
Breath'd from the birth of time : the veil  
they rent,  
And what behind it lay, all earth shall  
view.  
But good with ill they also overthrew,  
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild  
Upon the same foundation, and renew  
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour  
refill'd,  
As heretofore, because ambition was self-  
will'd.

## LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured !  
Mankind have felt their strength, and made  
it felt.  
They might have used it better, but,  
allured  
By their new vigour, sternly have they  
dealt  
On one another ; pity ceased to melt  
With her once natural charities. But  
they,  
Who in oppression's darkness caved had  
dwelt,

They were not eagles, nourish'd with the  
day ;  
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook  
their prey ?

## LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a  
scar ?  
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to  
wear  
That which disfigures it ; and they who war  
With their own hopes, and have been van-  
quish'd, bear  
Silence, but not submission : in his lair  
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the  
hour  
Which shall atone for years ; none need  
despair :  
It came, it cometh, and will come,—the  
power  
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be  
slower.

## LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing  
Which warns me with its stillness, to  
forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,  
That I with stern delights should e'er have  
been so moved.

## LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and thy mountains, dusk, yet  
clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights  
appear,  
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from the  
shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the  
ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night  
carol more ;

## LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;  
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.

There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her  
hues.

## LXXXVIII.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !  
If in your bright leaves we would read the  
fate  
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,  
That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named  
themselves a star.

## LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not  
in sleep,  
But breathless, as we grow when feeling  
most ;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too  
deep :—  
All heaven and earth are still : From the  
high host

Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,  
All is concenter'd in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

## XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;  
A truth, which through our being then doth  
melt,  
And purifies from self : it is a tone,  
The soul and source of music, which makes  
known  
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
Binding all things with beauty :—'twould  
disarm  
The spectre Death, had he substantial power  
to harm.

## XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
His altar the high places, and the peak  
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus  
take  
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek

The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are  
weak,  
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and  
compare  
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and  
air,  
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy  
pray'r !

## XCII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change!  
Oh night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous  
strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one  
lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a  
tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her  
aloud!

## XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious  
night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee !  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric  
    sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the  
    earth !  
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the  
    glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-  
    mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's  
    birth.

## XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way  
    between  
Heights which appear as lovers who have  
    parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, though broken-  
    hearted ;  
Though in their souls, which thus each  
    other thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then  
    departed :  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years all winters,—war within themselves  
    to wage.

## XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft  
his way,  
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his  
stand :  
For here, not one but many, make their  
play,  
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to  
hand,  
Flashing and cast around : of all the band,  
The brightest through these parted hills  
hath fork'd  
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
There the hot shaft should blast whatever  
therein lurk'd.

## XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, light-  
nings ! ye !  
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a  
soul  
To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
Things that have made me watchful ; the  
far roll  
Of your departing voices is the knoll  
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
But where of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?

Are ye like those within the human breast ?  
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high  
nest ?

## XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now  
That which is most within me,—could I  
wreak  
My thoughts upon expression, and thus  
throw,  
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong  
or weak,  
All that I would have sought, and all I  
seek,  
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one*  
word,  
And that one word were Lightning, I would  
speak ;  
But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as  
a sword.

## XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all  
bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful  
scorn,  
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—

And glowing into day : we may resume  
 The march of our existence : and thus I,  
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find  
 room

And food for meditation, nor pass by  
 Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd  
 fittingly.

## XCIX.

Clarens ! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep  
 Love !

Thine air is the young breath of passionate  
 thought ;

Thy trees take root in Love ; the snows  
 above

The very Glaciers have his colours caught,  
 And sunset into rose-hues sees them  
 wrought

By rays which sleep there lovingly : the  
 rocks,

The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who  
 sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,  
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that  
 woos, then mocks

## C.

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are  
 trod,—

Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne

To which the steps are mountains ; where  
the god  
Is a pervading life and light.—so shown  
Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower  
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath  
blown,  
His soft and summer breath, whose tender  
power  
Passes the strength of storms in their most  
desolate hour.

## CL.

All things are here of *him* ; from the black  
pines,  
Which are his shade on high, and the loud  
roar  
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines  
Which slope his green path downward to  
the shore,  
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and  
adore,  
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the  
wood,  
The covert of old trees, with trunks all  
hoar,  
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where  
it stood,  
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

## CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,  
Who worship him with notes more sweet  
than words,  
And innocently open their glad wings,  
Fearless and full of life: the gush of  
springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bug which  
brings  
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty  
end.

## CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn  
that lore,  
And make his heart a spirit; he who  
knows  
That tender mystery, will love the more;  
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's  
woes,  
And the world's waste, have driven him far  
from those,  
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;  
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows  
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

## CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
Peopling it with affections ; but he found  
It was the scene which Passion must allot  
To the mind's purified beings ; 'twas the ground  
Where early love his Psyche's zone un-  
bound,  
And hallow'd it with loveliness : 'tis lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweetness ; here the Rhone  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

## CV.

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes  
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name ;  
Mortals, who sought and found by dangerous roads,  
A path to perpetuity of fame :  
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim  
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
Thoughts which should call down thunder,  
and the flame

Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the  
while  
On man and man's research could deign do  
more than smile.

## CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or  
wild,—  
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;  
He multiplied himself among mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents : But his  
own  
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the  
wind,  
Blew where it listed, laying all things  
prone,—  
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a  
throne.

## CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting  
thought,  
And hiving wisdom with each studious  
year,  
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
And shaped his weapon with an edge  
severe,

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;  
The lord of irony,—that master spell,  
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew  
from fear,  
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,  
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently  
well.

## CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by  
them,  
If merited, the penalty is paid ;  
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn ;  
The hour must come when such things shall  
be made  
Known unto all, or hope and dread allay'd  
By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,  
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie  
decay'd ;  
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,  
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

## CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to  
read  
His Maker's, spread around me, and  
suspend  
This page, which from my reveries I feed,  
Until it seems prolonging without end.

The clouds above me to the white Alps  
tend,  
And I must pierce them, and survey  
whate'er  
May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
To their most great and growing region,  
where  
The earth to her embrace compels the powers  
of air.

## CX.

Italia ! too, Italia ! looking on thee,  
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won  
thee,  
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages  
Who glorify thy consecrated pages ;  
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires ;  
still,  
The fount at which the panting mind  
assuages  
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her  
fill,  
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's im-  
perial hill.

## CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
Renew'd with no kind auspices :—to feel

We are not what we have been, and to deem  
We are not what we should be, and to steel  
The heart against itself; and to conceal,  
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or  
aught,—  
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—  
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,  
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is  
taught.

## CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,  
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—  
The colouring of the scenes which fleet  
along,  
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;  
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or  
forgot.

## CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee,  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried  
aloud

In worship of an echo ; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such ; I  
        stood  
Among them, but not of them ; in a shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts,  
        and still could,  
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself  
        subdued.

## CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
        me,—  
But let us part fair foes ; I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that there  
        may be  
Words which are things, hopes which will  
        not deceive,  
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
Snares for the failing ; I would also deem  
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve ;  
That two, or one, are almost what they  
        seem,  
That goodness is no name, and happiness no  
        dream.

## CXV.

My daughter ! with thy name this song  
        begun ;  
My daughter ! with thy name thus much  
        shall end ;

I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee ; thou art the  
friend

To whom the shadows of far years extend :  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,  
And reach into thy heart, when mine is  
cold,

A token and a tone, even from thy father's  
mould.

## CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development, to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch  
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to  
thee !

To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's  
kiss,—

This, it should seem, was not reserved for  
me ;

Yet this was in my nature : as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something like  
to this.

## CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be  
taught,

I know that thou wilt love me ; though my  
name

Should be shut from thee, as a spell still  
fraught  
With desolation, and a broken claim :  
Though the grave closed between us,—  
t'were the same,  
I know that thou wilt love me ; though to  
drain  
*My* blood from out thy being were an aim,  
And an attainment,—all would be in  
vain,—  
Still thou wouldest love me, still that more than  
life retain.

## CXVIII.

The child of love, though born in bitterness,  
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
These were the elements, and thine no less.  
As yet such are around thee, but thy fire  
Shall be more temper'd and thy hope far  
higher.  
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers ! O'er the  
sea,  
And from the mountains where I now re-  
spire,  
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,  
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have  
been to me.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

---

"Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,  
Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra  
Italia, e un mare e l' altro, che la bagna."

*Ariosto, Satira iii.*

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, Esq., A.M., F.R.S.,  
&c. &c. &c.

VENICE, January 2, 1818.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—After an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth ; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery ; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship ; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of goodwill as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,\* but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy ; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last ; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition

\* His marriage.

which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe ; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive : like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim ; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be formed on that subject are *now* a matter of indifference ; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer ; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of

manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissent upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l' antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si com-

mettono ne sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect mere ferocious than their neighbours that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality,"—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma! non è più come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

" Non movero mai corda.  
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda."

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire; till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus, it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, "Verily they will have their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

BYRON.

---

I.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
A palace and a prison on each hand :

I saw from out the wave her structures  
rise

As from the stroke of the enchanter's  
wand :

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject  
land

Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her  
hundred isles !

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
A ruler of the waters and their powers :

And such she was ;—her daughters had  
their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless  
East  
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling  
showers.  
In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity  
increased.

## III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear :  
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is  
here.  
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not  
die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

## IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
Her name in story, and her long array  
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms  
despond  
Above the Dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;  
Ours is a trophy which will not decay

With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,  
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—  
The keystones of the arch ! though all were  
o'er,  
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

## V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray  
And more beloved existence : that which  
Fate  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state,  
Of mortal bondage by the spirits supplied,  
First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;  
Watering the heart whose early flowers have  
died,  
And with a fresher growth replenishing the  
void.

## VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,  
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy ;  
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,  
And, may be, that which grows beneath  
mine eye :  
Yet there are things whose strong reality  
Outshines our fairy-land ; in shape and hues  
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,

And the strange constellations which the  
Muse  
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

## VII.

I saw or dream'd of such, but let them  
go,—  
They came like truth, and disappear'd like  
dreams ;  
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so :  
I could replace them if I would ; still teems  
My mind with many a form which aptly  
seems  
Such as I sought for, and at moments found ;  
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems  
Such overweening phantasies unsound,  
And other voices speak, and other sights  
surround.

## VIII.

I've taught me other tongues and in strange  
eyes

Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;  
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find  
A country with—ay, or without mankind ;  
Yet was I born where men are proud to  
be,—

Not without cause ; and should I leave  
behind

The inviolate island of the sage and free,  
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea !

## IX.

Perhaps I loved it well ; and should I lay  
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
My spirit shall resume it—if we may  
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine  
My hopes of being remember'd in my line  
With my land's language : if too fond and  
far

These aspirations in their scope incline,—  
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion  
bar

## X.

My name from out the temple where the  
dead

Are honour'd by the nations —let it be—  
And light the laurels on a loftier head !  
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
“ Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.”  
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;  
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the  
tree

I planted : they have torn me, and I bleed :  
I should have known what fruit would spring  
from such a seed.

## XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;  
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,  
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,  
Neglected garment of her widowhood !  
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood  
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,  
Over the proud Place where an Emperor  
sued,

And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour  
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd  
dower.

## XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian  
reigns—

An Emperor tramples where an Emperor  
knelt ;

Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and  
chains

Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt  
From power's high pinnacle, when they have  
felt

The sunshine for a while, and downward go  
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's  
belt ;

O for one hour of blind old Dandolo !

Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquer-  
ing foe.

## XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,  
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ;  
But is not Doria's menace come to pass ?  
Are they not *bridled*?—Venice, lost and won,  
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,  
Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose !  
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,  
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,  
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

## XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre ;  
Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
The “Planter of the Lion,” which through fire  
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;  
Though making many slaves, herself still free,  
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite ;  
Witness Troy's rival, Candia ! Vouch it, ye

Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight !  
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can  
blight.

## XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file  
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust ;  
But where they dwelt, the vast and sump-  
tuous pile

Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid  
trust ;

Their sceptre broken, and their sword in  
rust,

Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,  
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as  
must

Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,  
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely  
walls.

## XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of  
war,

Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,  
Her voice their only ransom from afar :  
See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the  
car

Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins  
Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar

Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's  
chains,  
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and  
his strains.

## XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were  
thine,  
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,  
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,  
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the  
knot  
Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot  
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,  
Albion ! to thee : the Ocean queen should  
not  
Abandon Ocean's children ; in the fall  
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery  
wall.

## XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood : she to me  
Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;  
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's  
art,  
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,  
Although I found her thus, we did not  
part ;

Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,  
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a  
show.

## XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of  
The present there is still for eye and  
thought,  
And meditation chasen'd down, enough;  
And more, it may be, than I hoped or  
sought;  
And of the happiest moments which were  
wrought  
Within the web of my existence, some  
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours  
caught:  
There are some feelings Time cannot be-  
numb,  
Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold  
and dumb.

## XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow  
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,  
Rooted in barrenness, where naught below  
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine  
shocks  
Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk,  
and mocks

The howling tempest, till its height and frame  
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks  
Of bleak, grey granite into life it came,  
And grew a giant tree ;—the mind may grow  
the same.

## XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode  
The bare and desolated bosoms : mute  
The camel labours with the heaviest load,  
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd  
In vain should such example be ; if they,  
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

## XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,  
Even by the sufferer ; and, in each event,  
Ends : Some, with hope replenish'd and  
rebuoy'd,  
Return to whence they came—with like  
intent,  
And weave their web again ; some, bow'd  
and bent,

Wax grey and ghastly, withering ere their time,  
And perish with the reed on which they leant ;  
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good, or crime,  
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

## XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued ;  
And slight withal may be the things which bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
Aside for ever ; it may be a sound—  
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—  
A flower—the wind—the ocean, which shall wound,  
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound ;

## XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace  
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,  
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface  
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,

Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,  
When least we deem of such, calls up to  
view

The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—  
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead—  
anew,

The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many !  
—yet how few !

#### XXV.

But my soul wanders ; I demand it back  
To meditate amongst decay, and stand  
A ruin amidst ruins ; there to track  
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a  
land

Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,  
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be  
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly  
hand ;

Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,  
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and  
sea.

#### XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of  
Rome !

And even since, and now, fair Italy !  
Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree ;  
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ?

Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility ;  
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
With an immaculate charm which cannot be  
defaced.

## XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night :  
Sunset divides the sky with her ; a sea  
Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
Of blue Friuli's mountains ; Heaven is free  
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—  
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—  
Where the Day joins the past Eternity,  
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air—an island of the  
blest !

## XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but  
still

Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
Roll'd o'er the peak of the fair Rhætian hill,  
As Day and Night contending were, until  
Nature reclaim'd her order—gently flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues  
instil

The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd  
within it glows,

## XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters: all its hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse:  
And now they change; a paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new colour as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest,—till—'tis gone—and all is grey.

## XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,  
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose  
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :  
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name  
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

## XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he  
died;

The mountain-village where his latter days  
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their  
pride—

An honest pride—and let it be their  
praise,

To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain  
And venerably simple, such as raise

A feeling more accordant with his strain

Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental  
fane.

## XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt  
Is one of that complexion which seems  
made

For those who their mortality have felt,  
And sought a refuge from their hopes  
decay'd

In the deep umbrage of a green hill's  
shade,

Which shows a distant prospect far away  
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd

For they can lure no further; and the ray  
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holi-  
day,

## XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,  
And shining in the brawling brook, whereby,  
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours  
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye  
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.  
If from society we learn to live,  
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;  
It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give  
No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God  
must strive :

## XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair  
The strength of better thoughts, and seek  
their prey  
In melancholy bosoms, such as were  
Of moody texture from their earliest day,  
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,  
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom  
Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;  
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,  
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

## XXXV.

Ferrara ! in thy wide and grass-grown  
streets,

Whose symmetry was not for solitude,  
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats  
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood  
Of Este, which for many an age made good  
Its strength within thy walls, and was of  
yore

Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood  
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore  
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had  
worn before.

## XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.  
Hark to his strain ! and then survey his cell !  
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,  
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell :  
The miserable despot could not quell  
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and  
blend

With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell  
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end  
Scatter'd the clouds away ; and on that name  
attend

## XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time ; while thine  
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink.

Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted  
line  
Is shaken into nothing—but the link  
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think  
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with  
scorn :  
Alfonso ! how thy ducal pageants shrink  
From thee ! if in another station born,  
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st  
to mourn :

## XXXVIII.

*Thou !* form'd to eat, and be despised, and  
die,  
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou  
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty :  
*He !* with a glory round his furrow'd brow,  
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,  
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,  
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow  
No strain which shamed his country's creak-  
ing lyre,  
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in  
wire !

## XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade ! 'twas his  
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong  
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows,—but to miss.  
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song !

Each year brings forth its millions ; but  
 how long  
 The tide of generations shall roll on,  
 And not the whole combined and countless  
 throng  
 Compose a mind like thine ? though all in  
 one  
 Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not  
 form a sun.

## XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,  
 Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,  
 The Bards of Hell and Chivalry : first rose  
 The Tuscan father's comedy divine ;  
 Then, not unequal to the Florentine,  
 The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd  
 forth  
 A new creation with his magic line,  
 And, like the Ariosto of the North,  
 Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly  
 worth.

## XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust  
 The iron crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves ;  
 Nor was the ominous element unjust,  
 For the true laurel-wreath which glory  
 weaves  
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,

And the false semblance but disgraced his  
brow ;  
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,  
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below  
Whate'er it strikes : yon head is doubly sacred  
now.

## XLII.

Italia ! O Italia ! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by  
shame,  
And annals graved in characters of flame.  
O God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst  
claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who  
press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy  
distress :

## XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less  
desired,  
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored  
For thy destructive charms ; then, still un-  
tired,  
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd  
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile  
horde

Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's  
sword

Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend  
or foe.

## XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,  
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal  
mind,

The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim  
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,  
Came Megara before me, and behind  
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right;  
And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined  
Along the prow, and saw all these unite  
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight.

## XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd  
Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,  
Which only make more mourn'd and more  
endar'd

The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,  
And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.  
The Roman saw these tombs in his own  
age,  
These sepulchres of cities, which excite

Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page  
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

## XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine  
*His* country's ruin added to the mass  
Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline  
And I in desolation : all that *was*  
Of then destruction *is* ; and now, alas !  
Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the  
storm,  
In the same dust and blackness, and we pass  
The skeleton of her Titanic form,  
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are  
warm.

## XLVII.

Yet, Italy ! through every other land  
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from  
side to side,  
Mother of Arts ! as once of arms ; thy hand  
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide ;  
Parent of our religion ! whom the wide  
Nations have knelt to for the keys of  
heaven !  
Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward  
driven,  
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

## XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.  
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps  
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.  
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps  
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,  
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new  
morn.

## XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and  
fills  
The air around with beauty ; we inhale  
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils  
Part of its immortality ; the veil  
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale  
We stand, and in that form and face behold  
What Mind can make, when Nature's self  
would fail ;  
And to the fond idolaters of old  
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could  
mould.

## L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart

Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever  
there—

Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
We stand as captives, and would not depart.  
Away !—there need no words nor terms  
precise,  
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,  
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—who have eyes :  
Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan  
Shepherd's prize.

### LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise ?  
Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,  
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies  
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War ?  
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,  
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,  
Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy lips  
are  
With lava kisses, melting while they burn,  
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as  
from an urn ?

### LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,  
Their full divinity inadequate  
That feeling to express, or to improve,  
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate

Has moments like their brightest ; but the weight  
Of earth recoils upon us ;—let it go !  
We can recall such visions, and create,  
From what has been, or might be, things which grow  
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

## LIII.

I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,  
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell  
How well his connoisseurship understands  
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell :  
Let these describe the undescribable :  
I would not their vile breath should crisp  
the stream  
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell ;  
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream  
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

## LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie  
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is  
Even in itself an immortality,  
Though there were nothing save the past,  
and this,  
The particle of those sublimities  
Which have relapsed to chaos ; here repose  
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,

The starry Galileo, with his woes ;  
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence  
it rose.

## LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,  
Might furnish forth creation :—Italy !  
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents  
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,  
And hath denied, to every other sky  
Spirits which soar from ruin : thy decay  
Is still impregnate with divinity,  
Which gilds it with revivifying ray ;  
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to day.

## LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—  
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,  
The bard of Prose, creative spirit ! he  
Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay  
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay  
In death as life ? Are they resolved to dust,  
And have their country's marbles nought to say ?

Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust ?  
Did they not to her breast their filial earth  
intrust ?

## LVII.

Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,  
Like Scipio, buried by the upraiding shore :  
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,  
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore  
Their children's children would in vain adore  
With the remorse of ages ; and the crown  
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely  
wore,

Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not  
thine own.

## LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd  
His dust,—and lies it not her great among,  
With many a sweet and solemn requiem  
breathed

O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren  
tongue ?

That music in itself, whose sounds are song,  
The poetry of speech ? No ;—even his tomb  
Uptorn must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,  
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,  
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for  
*whom !*

## LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust ;  
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore  
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,  
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more :  
Happier Ravenna ! on thy hoary shore,  
Fortress of falling empire ! honour'd sleeps  
The immortal exile :—Arqua, too, her store  
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,  
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead  
and weeps.

## LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones ?  
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues  
Of gem and marble, to incrust the bones  
Of merchant-dukes ? the momentary dews  
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse  
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the  
dead,  
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,  
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread  
Than ever paced the slab which paves the  
princely head.

## LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and  
eyes  
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,

Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies ;  
There be more marvels yet—but not for  
mine ;  
For I have been accustom'd to entwine  
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields  
Than Art in galleries : though a work divine  
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields  
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it  
wields

## LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam  
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles  
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;  
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
Come back before me as his skill beguiles  
The host between the mountains and the  
shore,  
Where Courage falls in her despairing files.  
And torrents swollen to rivers with their gore,  
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions  
scatter'd o'er,

## LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;  
And such the storm of battle on this day,  
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds  
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,  
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away !

None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,  
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
 Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet ;  
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring  
 nations meet !

## LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
 Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw  
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark  
 The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,  
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe  
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and  
 the birds  
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw  
 From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing  
 herds  
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread  
 hath no words.

## LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now :  
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;  
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain  
 Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath  
 ta'en—  
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—  
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine  
 rain ;

And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling  
waters red.

## LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave  
Of the most living crystal that was e'er  
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave  
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost  
rear

Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white  
steer

Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !  
And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;  
Surely that stream was unprofaned by  
slaughters,

A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest  
daughters !

## LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,  
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,  
Upon a mild declivity of hill,  
Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps  
Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps  
The finny darter with the glittering scales,  
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;  
While, chance, some scatter'd waterlily sails  
Down where the shallower wave still tells its  
bubbling tales.

## LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place !  
If through the air a zephyr more serene  
Win to the brow, 'tis his ; and if ye trace  
Along his margin a more eloquent green,  
If on the heart the freshness of the scene  
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust  
Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must  
Pray orisons for this suspension of disgust.

## LXIX.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong  
height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;  
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss ;  
The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,  
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That guard the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

## LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence  
again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which  
round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,

Making it all one emerald :—How profound  
The gulf ! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn  
and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a  
fearful vent !

## LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and  
shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea  
Torn from the womb of mountains by the  
throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
With many windings, through the vale :—  
Look back !  
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless  
cataract,

## LXXII.

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering  
morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams un-  
shorn :  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

## LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine  
The infant Alps, which—had I not before  
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the  
pine  
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar  
The thundering lauwine—might be wor-  
shipp'd more ;  
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear  
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar  
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and  
near,  
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

## LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name ;  
And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly  
Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,  
For still they soared unutterably high :  
I've looked on Ida with a Trojan's eye ;  
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made  
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,

All, save the lone Soracte's height, display'd  
 Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's  
 aid

## LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain  
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,  
 And on the curl hangs pausing : not in vain  
 May he, who will, his recollections rake,  
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake  
 The hills with Latin echoes ; I abhor'd  
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,  
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by  
 word

In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

## LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd  
 My sickening memory ; and, though Time  
 hath taught

My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,  
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought  
 By the impatience of my early thought,  
 That, with the freshness wearing out before  
 My mind could relish what it might have  
 sought,

If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
 Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor.

## LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace ; whom I hated so,  
 Not for thy faults, but mine ; it is a curse

To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse :  
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse  
 Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,  
 Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,  
 Awakening without wounding the touch'd  
     heart,  
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

## LXXVIII.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !  
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and control  
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come  
     and see  
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !  
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

## LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,  
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless  
     woe ;  
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,  
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;  
 The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now ;  
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,

Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her  
distress.

## LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,  
and Fire,

Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride ;  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
Where the car climb'd the Capitol ; far and  
wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :  
Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly  
night ?

## LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and  
wrap

All round us ; we but feel our way to err :  
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,  
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample  
lap ;

But Rome is as the desert, where we steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap  
Our hands, and cry "Eureka !" it is clear—  
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

## LXXXII.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !  
 The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day  
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !  
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
 And Livy's pictur'd page !—but these shall be  
 Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.  
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see  
 That brightness in her eye she bore when  
 Rome was free !

## LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's  
 wheel,  
 Triumphant Sylla : thou, who didst subdue  
 Thy country's foes ere thou wouldest pause  
 to feel  
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due  
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew  
 O'er prostrate Asia ;—thou, who with thy  
 frown  
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,  
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down  
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly  
 crown—

## LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine  
 To what would one day dwindle that which  
 made

Thee more than mortal ? and that so supine  
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be  
laid ?

She who was named Eternal, and array'd  
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd  
Earth with her haughty shadow, and dis-  
play'd,

Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,  
Her rushing wings—Oh ! she who was Al-  
mighty hail'd !

## LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors ; but our own,  
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell !—he  
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the  
throne  
Down to a block—immortal rebel ! See  
What crimes it costs to be a moment free,  
And famous through all ages ! but beneath  
His fate the moral lurks of destiny ;  
His day of double victory and death  
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier,  
yield his breath.

## LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former  
course  
Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same day  
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,  
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.

And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,  
And all we deem delightful, and consume  
Our souls to compass through each arduous way,  
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb ?  
Were they but so in man's, how different were  
his doom !

## LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue ! yet existent in  
The austerest form of naked majesty,  
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,  
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,  
Folding his robe in dying dignity,  
An offering to thine altar from the queen  
Of gods and men, great Nemesis ! did he die,  
And thou, too, perish, Pompey ? have ye been  
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene ?

## LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !  
She-wolf ! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart  
The milk of conquest yet within the dome  
Where, as a monument of antique art,  
Thou standest :—Mother of the mighty heart,  
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,  
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,

And thy limbs black with lightning—dost  
thou yet  
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond  
charge forget?

## LXXXIX.

Thou dost; but all thy foster babes are dead—  
The men of iron: and the world hath rear'd  
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled  
In imitation of the things they fear'd,  
And fought and conquer'd, and the same  
course steer'd,  
At apish distance; but as yet none have,  
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,  
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,  
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves  
a slave—

## XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind  
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old  
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind  
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,  
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,  
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd  
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,  
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd  
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he  
beam'd,

## XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd ! But  
 the man  
 Who would have tamed his eagles down to  
 flee,  
 Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,  
 Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,  
 With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be  
 A listener to itself, was strangely framed ;  
 With but one weakest weakness—vanity,  
 Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd—  
 At what ? can he avouch, or answer what he  
 claim'd ?

## XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait  
 For the sure grave to level him ; few years  
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,  
 On whom we tread : For *this* the conqueror  
 rears  
 The arch of triumph ! and for this the tears  
 And blood of earth flow on as they have  
 flow'd,  
 An universal deluge, which appears  
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,  
 And ebbs but to reflow ! Renew thy rainbow,  
 God !

## XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap ?  
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,

Life short, and truth a gem which loves the  
deep,  
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest  
scale ;  
Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil  
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right  
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale  
Lest their own judgments should become  
too bright,  
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth  
have too much light.

## XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,  
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,  
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,  
Bequeathing their hereditary rage  
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage  
War for their chains, and rather than be free,  
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage  
Within the same arena where they see  
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the  
same tree.

## XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest  
between  
Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,  
Averr'd, and known, and daily, hourly seen—  
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,

And the intent of tyranny avow'd,  
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown  
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,  
And shook them from their slumbers on the  
throne :  
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had  
done.

## XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,  
And Freedom find no champion and no child  
Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled ?  
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,  
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar  
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled  
On infant Washington ? Has Earth no more  
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no  
such shore ?

## XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit  
crime,  
And fatal have her Saturnalia been  
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime ;  
Because the deadly days, which we have seen,  
And vile Ambition, that built up between  
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,  
And the base pageant last upon the scene,

Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall  
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst  
—his second fall.

## XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;  
Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,  
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,  
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;  
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

## XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,  
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,  
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
Standing with half its battlements alone,  
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
The garland of eternity, where wave  
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;—

What was this tower of strength ? within its  
cave  
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid ?—A  
woman's grave.

## C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,  
Tomb'd in a palace ? Was she chaste and  
fair ?

Worthy a king's, or more—a Roman's bed ?  
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear ?  
What daughter of her beauties was the heir ?  
How lived, how loved, how died she ? Was  
she not

So honoured—and conspicuously there,  
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,  
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot ?

## CI.

Was she as those who lov'd their lords, or  
they

Who love the lords of others ? such have been  
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.  
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,  
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,  
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war  
Inveterate in virtue ? Did she lean

To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar  
Love from amongst her griefs ?—for such the  
affections are

## CII.

Perchance she died in youth : it may be, bow'd  
With woes far heavier than the ponderous  
tomb

That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud  
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom  
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
Heaven gives its favourites—early death ;  
yet shed

A sunset charm around her, and illume  
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,  
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like  
red.

## CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,  
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver  
grey

On her long tresses, which might yet recall,  
It may be, still a something of the day  
When they were braided, and her proud array  
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed  
By Rome—But whither would Conjecture  
stray ?

Thus much alone we know—Metella died,  
The wealthiest Roman's wife : Behold his love  
or pride !

## CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee  
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,

Thou Tomb ! and other days come back on  
me

With recollected music, though the tone  
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan  
Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;  
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone  
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind  
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin  
leaves behind ;

CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the  
rocks,

Built me a little bark of hope, once more  
To battle with the ocean and the shocks  
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar  
Which rushes on the solitary shore  
Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear :  
But could I gather from the wave-worn store  
Enough for my rude boat, where should I  
steer ?

There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save  
what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on ! their harmony  
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night  
The sound shall temper with the owlet's cry,  
As I now hear them, in the fading light

Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,  
 Answering each other on the Palatine,  
 With their large eyes, all glistening grey  
     and bright,  
 And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine  
 What are our petty griefs?—let me not  
     number mine.

## CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown  
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd  
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd,  
     column strown  
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes  
     steep'd  
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,  
 Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or  
     halls?  
 Pronounce who can; for all that Learning  
     reap'd  
 From her research hath been, that these are  
     walls—  
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the  
     mighty falls.

## CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales;  
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,  
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that  
     fails,  
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.

And History, with all her volumes vast,  
Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here  
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed  
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,  
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away  
with words ! draw near,

## CIX.

Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep,—for here  
There is such matter for all feeling :—Man !  
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,  
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,  
This mountain, whose obliterated plan  
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,  
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van  
Till the sun's rays with added flame were  
fill'd !

Where are its golden roofs ? where those who  
dared to build ?

## CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,  
Thou nameless column with the buried base !  
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow ?  
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place,  
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,  
Titus or Trajan's ? No—'tis that of Time :  
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace

Scoffing ; and apostolic statues climb  
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept  
sublime,

## CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,  
And looking to the stars : they had contain'd  
A spirit which with these would find a home,  
The last of those who o'er the whole earth  
reign'd,

The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,  
But yielded back his conquests :—he was  
more

Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd  
With household blood and wine, serenely  
wore

His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name  
adore.

## CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high  
place

Where Rome embraced her heroes ? where  
the steep

Tarpeian ? fittest goal of Treason's race,  
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap  
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap  
Their spoils here ? Yes ; and in yon field  
below,

A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—

The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,  
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns  
with Cicero !

## CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and  
blood :

Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,  
From the first hour of empire in the bud  
To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd ;  
But long before had Freedom's face been  
veil'd,

And Anarchy assumed her attributes ;  
Till every lawless soldier who assail'd  
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,  
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

## CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,  
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,  
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—  
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—  
Rienzi ! last of Romans ! While the tree  
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf  
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—  
The forum's champion, and the people's  
chief—

Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas !  
too brief.

## CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art  
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary there  
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly  
bodied forth.

## CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are  
sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face  
Of thy cave-guarded spring with years un-  
wrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,  
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase  
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters  
sleep,  
Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base  
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers, and  
ivy creep,

## CXVII.

Fantastically tangled : the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms, through  
the grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills  
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their  
class,  
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes,  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;  
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,  
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven seems colour'd  
by its skies.

## CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,  
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;  
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic  
meeting  
With her most starry canopy, and seating  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell ?  
This cave was surely shap'd out for the  
greeting  
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell  
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

## CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,  
Blend a celestial with a human heart ;  
And Love, which dies as it was born, in  
sighing,  
Share with immortal transports ? could thine  
art

Make them indeed immortal, and impart  
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,  
Expell the venom and not blunt the dart—  
The dull satiety which all destroys—  
And root from out the soul the deadly weed  
which cloys ?

## CXX.

Alas ! our young affections run to waste,  
Or water but the desert ; whence arise  
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste  
Rank at the core, though tempting to the  
eyes,  
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but  
agonies,  
And trees whose gums are poisons ; such  
the plants  
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion  
flies  
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants  
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our  
wants.

## CXXI.

Oh Love ! no habitant of earth thou art—  
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—  
A faith whose martyrs are the broken  
heart,—  
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see

The naked eye, thy form, as it should be ;  
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled  
heaven,  
Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
And to a thought such shape and image  
given,  
As haunts the unquench'd soul — parch'd,  
wearied, wrung, and riven.

## CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
And fevers into false creation :—where,  
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul  
hath seiz'd ?  
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair ?  
Where are the charms and virtues which we  
dare  
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,  
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,  
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,  
And overpowers the page where it would  
bloom again ?

## CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but  
the cure  
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds  
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure  
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the  
mind's

Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds  
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown  
     winds ;

The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,  
 Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when  
     most undone.

## CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—  
 Sick—sick ; unfound the boon, unslaked  
     the thirst,

Though to the last, in verge of our decay,  
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at  
     first—

But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.  
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—’tis the same,  
 Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—  
 For all are meteors with a different name,  
 And Death the sable smoke where vanishes  
     the flame.

## CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could  
     have loved,

Though accident, blind contact, and the  
     strong

Necessity of loving, have removed  
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,

Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong ;  
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god  
And miscreator, makes and helps along  
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,  
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust  
we all have trod.

## CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature : 'tis not in  
The harmony of things,—this hard decree,  
This uneradicable taint of sin,  
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,  
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and  
branches be  
The skies which rain their plagues on men  
like dew—  
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we  
see,  
And worse, the woes we see not—which  
throb through  
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever  
new.

## CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base  
Abandonment of reason to resign  
Our right of thought—our last and only  
place  
Of refuge ; this, at least, shall still be mine :

Though from our birth the faculty divine  
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd,  
confined,  
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should  
shine  
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,  
The beam pours in, for time and skill will  
couch the blind.

## CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine  
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine  
Should be the light which streams here to  
illume  
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine  
Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom  
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies  
assume

## CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye  
of heaven,  
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monu-  
ment,  
And shadows forth its glory. There is given  
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath  
bent,

A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a  
power  
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its  
dower.

## CXXX.

O Time ! the beautifier of the dead,  
Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
And only healer when the heart hath bled ;  
Time ! the corrector where our judgments err,  
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,  
For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,  
Which never loses though it doth defer—  
Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift  
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of  
thee a gift :

## CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a  
shrine  
And temple more divinely desolate,  
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,  
Ruins of years, though few, yet full of fate :  
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,  
Hear me not ; but if calmly I have borne  
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate

Which shall not whelm me, let me not have  
worn

This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not  
mourn?

## CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong  
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!  
Here, where the ancient paid the homage  
long—

Thou who didst call the Furies from the abyss  
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss  
For that unnatural retribution—just,  
Had it but been from hands less near—in this  
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!  
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou  
shalt, and must.

## CXXXIII.

Is it not that I may not have incur'd  
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound  
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd  
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;  
But now my blood shall not sink in the  
ground;

To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take  
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought  
and found,

Which if *I* have not taken for the sake—  
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet  
awake.

## CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now  
I shrink from what is suffer'd : let him speak  
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,  
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak ;  
But in this page a record will I seek.  
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,  
Though I be ashes ; a far hour shall wreak  
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,  
And pile on human heads the mountain of my  
curse !

## CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I  
not—

Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold it,  
Heaven !

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot ?

Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven ?

Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart  
riven,

Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life  
lied away ?

And only not to desperation driven,

Because not altogether of such clay

As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

## CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
Have I not seen what human things could do ?

From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,  
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,  
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,  
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,  
Deal round to happy fools its speechless  
obloquy.

## CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain :  
My mind may lose its force, my blood its  
fire,  
And my frame perish even in conquering pain ;  
But there is that within me which shall tire  
Torture and Time, and breathe when I  
expire ;  
Something unearthly, which they deem  
not of,  
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,  
Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move  
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of  
love.

## CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread  
power !

Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here  
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour  
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;

Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear  
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear  
That we become a part of what has been,  
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

## CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur'd pity, or loud roar'd applause,  
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man.  
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but  
because

Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?  
What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?

Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

## CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing  
slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd  
the wretch who won.

## CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he  
expire

And unavenged ? Arise ! ye Goths, and glut  
your ire !

## CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody  
steam ;  
And here, where buzzing nations choked the  
ways,  
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain  
stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
Here, where the Roman million's blame or  
praise  
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,  
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars'  
faint rays  
On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls  
bow'd—  
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes  
strangely loud.

## CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd ;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have  
appear'd.

Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but  
clear'd ?

Alas ! developed, opens the decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd :  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
Which streams too much on all years, man,  
have reft away.

## CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb  
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;  
When the stars twinkle through the loops of  
time,

And the low night-breeze waves along the  
air

The garland-forest, which the grey walls  
wear,

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;  
When the light shines serene but doth not  
glare,

Then in this magic circle raise the dead :  
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust  
ye tread.

## CXLV.

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand :

“ When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall :

“ And when Rome falls — the World.”

From our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall  
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call  
Ancient ; and these three mortal things are  
still

On their foundations, and unalter'd all ;  
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,  
The World the same wide den —of thieves, or  
what ye will.

## CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—  
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by  
time ;

Looking tranquillity, while fall, or nods  
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and  
man plods

His way through thorns to ashes—glorious  
dome !

Shalt thou not last ? Time's scythe and  
tyrant's rods

Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
Of art and piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

## CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts  
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads  
A holiness appealing to all hearts—  
To art a model ; and to him who treads  
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds  
Her light through thy sole aperture ; to  
those  
Who worship, here are altars for their  
beads ;  
And they who feel for genius may repose  
Their eyes on honour'd forms whose busts  
around them close.

## CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear  
light  
What do I gaze on ? Nothing : look again !  
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my  
sight—  
Two insulated phantoms of the brain :  
It is not so ; I see them full and plain—  
An old man, and a female young and fair,  
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
The blood is nectar :—but what doth she  
there,  
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white  
and bare ?

## CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,

Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took

Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,

Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook  
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives  
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook

She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—  
What may the fruit be yet? I know not—  
Cain was Eve's.

## CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,  
The milk of his own gift: it is her sire  
To whom she renders back the debt of blood

Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire

While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
Of health and holy feeling can provide  
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher

Than Egypt's river: from that gentle side  
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

## CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way  
Has not thy story's purity ; it is  
A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss  
Where sparkle distant worlds :—Oh, holiest  
nurse !

No drop of that clear stream its way shall  
miss

To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source  
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the uni-  
verse.

## CLII.

Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on  
high,

Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,  
Colossal copyist of deformity

Whose travell'd phantasy from the far  
Nile's

Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils  
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,  
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome : How  
smiles

The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,  
To view the huge design which sprung from  
such a birth !

## CLIII.

But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,

To which Diana's marvel was a cell—  
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb !

I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle ;—  
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell  
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade ;  
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell  
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have  
survey'd

Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem  
pray'd ;

## CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new.  
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee—  
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
Forsook his former city, what could be,  
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,  
Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,  
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are  
aisled

In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

## CLV.

Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;  
And why ? it is not lessen'd ; but thy mind

Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal, and can only find  
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou  
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his  
brow.

## CLVI.

Thou movest, but increasing with the  
advance,  
Like climbing some great Alp, which still  
doth rise,  
Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;  
Vastness which grows, but grows to har-  
monise—  
All musical in its immensities ;  
Rich marbles, richer painting—shrines where  
flame  
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome  
which vies  
In air with Earth's chief structures, though  
their frame  
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds  
must claim.

## CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou  
must break,  
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;

And as the ocean many bays will make  
That ask the eye—so here condense thy  
soul  
To more immediate objects, and control  
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart  
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
In mighty graduations, part by part,  
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

## CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine : Our outward  
sense  
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is  
That what we have of feeling most intense  
Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this  
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great  
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,  
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

## CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd ; there more  
In such a survey than the sating gaze  
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore  
The worship of the place, or the mere praise  
Of art and its great masters, who could raise  
What former time, nor skill, nor thought  
could plan ;  
The fountain of sublimity displays

Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of  
man  
Its golden sands, and learn what great concep-  
tions can.

## CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—  
A father's love and mortal's agony  
With an immortal's patience blending : Vain  
The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain  
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's  
grasp,  
The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd  
chain  
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp  
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

## CLXI..

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight,  
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow  
bright  
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye  
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might  
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

## CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,  
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast  
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,  
And madden'd in that vision—are express  
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd  
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,  
When each conception was a heavenly  
guest—

A ray of immortality—and stood  
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god !

## CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven  
The fire which we endure, it was repaid  
By him to whom the energy was given  
Which this poetic marble hath array'd  
With an eternal glory—which, if made  
By human hands, is not of human thought ;  
And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid  
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught  
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with  
which 'twas wrought.

## CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,  
The being who upheld it through the past ?  
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.  
He is no more—these breathings are his last ;

His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,  
And he himself as nothing :—if he was  
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd  
With forms which live and suffer—let that  
pass—

His shadow fades away into Destruction's  
mass,

## CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all  
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,  
And spreads the dim and universal pall  
Through which all things grow phantoms ;  
and the cloud  
Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,  
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays  
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd  
To hover on the verge of darkness ; rays  
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract  
the gaze,

## CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,  
To gather what we shall be when the frame  
Shall be resolved to something less than this  
Its wretched essence ; and to dream of fame,  
And wipe the dust from off the idle name  
We never more shall hear,—but never more,  
Oh, happier thought ! can we be made the  
same :

It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore  
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose  
sweat was gore.

## CLXVII.

Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,  
Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
With some deep and immedicable wound ;  
Through storm and darkness yawns the  
rending ground,  
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head  
discrown'd,  
And pale, but lovely with maternal grief  
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields  
no relief.

## CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?  
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,  
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee  
fled  
The present happiness and promised joy  
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd  
to cloy.

## CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,  
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !  
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep  
     for thee,  
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to  
     hoard  
 Her many griefs for ONE, for she had pour'd  
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,  
     And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !  
 The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

## CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;  
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust  
 The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
 The love of millions ! How we did intrust  
 Futurity to her ! and, though it must  
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd  
 Our children should obey her child and  
     bless'd  
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise  
     seem'd  
 Like stars to shepherd's eyes :—'twas but a  
     meteor-beam'd.

## CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :  
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue

Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung  
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstrung  
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange  
fate

Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and  
hath flung

Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon  
or late,—

## CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,  
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,  
Good without effort, great without a foe,  
But now a bride and mother—and now  
*there !*

How many ties did that stern moment tear !  
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's  
breast

Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,  
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and  
opprest

The land which loved thee so that none could  
love thee best.

## CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi ! navell'd in the woody hills  
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears

The oak from his foundation, and which  
spills

The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears  
Its form against the skies, reluctant spares  
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;  
And calm as cherish'd hate, its surface  
wears

A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,  
All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the  
snake.

#### CLXXIV.

And near, Albano's scarce divided waves  
Shine from a sister valley ;—and afar  
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves  
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,  
“Arms and the man,” whose reascending  
star

Rose o'er an empire :—but beneath thy right  
Tully reposed from Rome :—and where yon  
bar

Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight  
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's  
delight.

#### CLXXV.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,  
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—  
His task and mine alike are nearly done ;  
Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;

The midland ocean breaks on him and me,  
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold  
 Our friend of youth, that ocean, which  
     when we  
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold  
 Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark  
     Euxine roll'd

## CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades : long years—  
 Long, though not very many—since have  
     done  
 Their work on both ; some suffering and  
     some tears  
 Have left us nearly where we had begun :  
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run ;  
 We have had our reward, and it is here,—  
 That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,  
 And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as  
     dear  
 As if there were no man to trouble what is  
     clear.

## CLXXVII.

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling-  
     place,  
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her !

Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
Accord me such a being? Do I err  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?  
Though with them to converse can rarely be  
our lot.

## CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

## CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—  
roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and  
unknown.

## CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength  
he wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful  
spray

And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth :—there let  
him lay.

## CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

## CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save  
thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are  
they ?

Thy waters wash'd them power while they  
were free,  
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so  
thou ;—  
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest  
now.

## CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's  
form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—  
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or  
storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sub-  
lime,  
The image of eternity, the throne  
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made ; each  
zone  
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathom-  
less, alone.

## CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do  
here.

## CLXXXV.

My task is done, my song hath ceased, my  
theme  
Has died into an echo ; it is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted  
dream.  
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit  
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is  
writ ;  
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now  
That which I have been—and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me—and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint,  
and low.

## CLXXXVI.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath  
been—  
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—  
farewell !

Ye who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
A single recollection, not in vain  
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell ;  
Farewell : with *him* alone may rest the pain,  
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his  
strain.

## NOTES.

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### Page 11.

"Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine."] The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryssō, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock:—"One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."

### Page 23.

"And rest ye at 'Our Lady's house of woe.'"] The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Señora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.—*Note to 1st Edition.* Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed [by Walter Scott] of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Señora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of

the *tilde* or mark over the *ñ*, which alters the signification of the word : with it, *Peña* signifies a rock ; without it, *Peña* has the sense I adopted. I do not think it necessary to alter the passage ; as though the common acceptation affixed to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there.—*Note to 2nd Edition.*

### *Page 24.*

"Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life."] It is a well-known fact, that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen ; but that Englishmen were daily butchered : and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend : had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have "adorned a tale" instead of telling one.

### *Page 25.*

"Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened !"] The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.

### *Page 27.*

"But here the Babylonian whore hath built."] The extent of Mafra is prodigious ; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration : we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal.

*Page 29.*

"'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low."] As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.—  
1812.

*Page 30.*

"That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?"] Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastness of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada.

*Page 36.*

"No! as he speeds, he chants 'Vivā el Rey!'"] "Vivā el Rey Fernando!" Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, &c. &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

*Page 37.*

"Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet."] The red cockade, with "Fernando Septimo" in the centre.

*Page 37.*

"The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match."] All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal

form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

*Page 40.*

"Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall."] Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

*Page 40.*

"Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch."]

"Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo  
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem."—AUL. GEL.

*Page 41.*

"Match me, ye harems of the land! where now."] This stanza was written in Turkey.

*Page 41.*

"Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey."] These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Λιακυρα (Liakura), Dec. 1809.

*Page 44.*

"Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days."] Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

*Page 46.*

"Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why?"] This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

*Page 52.*

"Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs."]

*"Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat."*

LUC.

*Page 55.*

"A traitor only fell beneath the feud."] Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

*Page 56.*

"War, war is still the cry, 'War even to the knife !'"] "War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.

*Page 58.*

"And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe."] The Honourable John Wingfield of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra (May 14, 1811). I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine. In the short space of one month I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction :—

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,  
And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn."

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the at least candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired; while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority.

*Page 60.*

"And is, despite of war and wasting fire."] Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

*Page 60.*

"That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow."] We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld: the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend, his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon," were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits. The Parthenon, before its destruction, in part, by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In each point of view it is an object of regard: it changed its worshippers; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrifice. But—

" Man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep."

*Page 62.*

"Far on the solitary shore he sleeps."] It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead ; the greater Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease ; and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, &c., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

*Page 64.*

"Here, son of Saturn ! was thy fav'rite throne."] The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive ; originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

*Page 65.*

"And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine."] The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.

*Page 65.*

"Torive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared."] At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation ; and like the Greek *finder* of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, who

wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it!—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna), till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful; but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities: when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go further than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially: I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival; but I have some early prepossession in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.

Another noble Lord has done better, because he has done less: but some others, more or less noble, yet “all honourable men” have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode,

mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed and wine-shed, which almost ended in bloodshed ! Lord E.'s "prig"—see Jonathan Wild for the definition of "priggism"—quarrelled with another, *Gropius*\* by name (a very good name too for his business), and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian : this was stated at table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

Page 65.

" Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains."] I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines :—" When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a suppli-

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\* This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels ; but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr. Lusieri.—A shipful of his trophies was detained, and I believe confiscated, at Constantinople, in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that " this was not in his blood ; " that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connection with him, except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain, I am very sorry for it : Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent ; and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it.—*Note to 3rd edition.*

cating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, *Tēλos!*—I was present." The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.

*Page 66.*

"Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?"] According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.

*Page 68.*

"The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy."] To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

*Page 73.*

"But not in silence pass Calypso's isles."] Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

*Page 77.*

"Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes."] Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania Gibbon remarks that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America." Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottonian dominions: and with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he

had driven to Berat, a strong fortress, which he was then besieging : on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness's birthplace, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat ; at this juncture the Vizier had made it his headquarters. After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed ; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four. On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size ; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper.

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the text. The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white ; the spare, active form ; their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese ; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems ; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory —all are armed ; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous ; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation ; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri : the former a man of middle age, and the

latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous and onward to Messalonghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When, in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization. They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves;" and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found ; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground ; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "M' αφεινει," "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for anything less than the loss of a para (about the fourth of a farthing), melted ; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even Sterne's "foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fishkettle" to sympathise with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation "to a milliner's," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected ; when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate ; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow : he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer !—"I *have been* a robber ; I *am* soldier : no captain ever struck me ; you are my

master, I have eaten your bread, but by *that* bread ! (a usual oath), had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog, your servant, and gone to the mountains." So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic : be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika, the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance ; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling* the road broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo, Their manner of walking is truly theatrical ; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman ; my own preferred the English saddles, which, however they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

#### *Page 77.*

"Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave."] Ithaca.

#### *Page 78.*

"Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar."] Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

#### *Page 78.*

"Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar."] Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less

known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of *Don Quixote* lost his left hand.

*Page 80.*

"Did many a Roman chief, and Asian king."] It is said, that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levée.

*Page 80.*

"Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose."] Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

*Page 81.*

"He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake."] According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina; but Pouqueville is always out.

*Page 81.*

"To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command."] The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's *Travels*.

*Page 81.*

"Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold."] Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

*Page 81.*

"Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow."] The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick. In

the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Raphti, are very inferior ; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad : I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople ; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

*Page 82.*

"Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he."] The Greek monks are so called.

*Page 83.*

"Nature's volcanic amphitheatre."] The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

*Page 83.*

"Nodding above ; behold black Acheron."] Now called Kalamas.

*Page 83.*

"The little shepherd in his white capote."] Albanese cloak.

*Page 84.*

"The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit."] Anciently Mount Tomarus.

*Page 84.*

"And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by."] The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it ; and, immediately above Tapaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster ; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant ; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

*Page 90.*

"And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—"] Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

*Page 92.*

"The feast was done, the red wine circling fast."] The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others.

*Page 92.*

"Each Palikar his sabre from him cast."] Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικάρι, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese, who speak Romaic: it means, properly, "a lad."

*Page 93.*

"While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream'd."] As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

1. Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,  
Naciarura, popuso.
2. Naciarura na civin  
Ha pen derini ti hin.
3. Ha pe uderi escrotini  
Ti vin ti mar servetini.
4. Caliriote me surme  
Ea ha pe pse dua tive.
5. Buo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,  
Gi egem spirta esimiro.
6. Caliriote vu le funde  
Ede vete tunde tunde.
7. Caliriote me surme  
Ti mi put e poi mi le.

1. Lo, Lo, I come, I come; be thou silent.
2. I come, I run; open the door that I may enter.
3. Open the door by halves, that I may take my turban.
4. Caliriotes\* with the dark eyes, open the gate that I may enter.
5. Lo, Lo, I hear thee, my soul.
6. An Arnaout girl, in costly garb, walks with graceful pride.
7. Caliriot maid of the dark eyes, give me a kiss.

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\* The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed Caliriotes," for what reason I inquired in vain.

8. Se ti puta citl mora  
Si mi ri ni veti udo gia.
9. Va le ni il che cadale  
Celo more, more celo.
10. Plu hari ti tirete  
Plu huron cia pra seti.

8. If I have kissed thee, what hast thou ginned? My soul is consumed with fire.
9. Dance lightly, more gently, and gently still.
10. Make not so much dust to destroy your embroidered hose.

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator; the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a *written* language: the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

1. Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa  
Vettimi upri vi lofsa.
2. Ah vaisisso mi privi lofse  
Si mi rini mi la vosse.
3. Ut i tasa roba stua  
Sitti eve tulati dua.
4. Roba stinori ssidua  
Qu mi sini vetti dua.
5. Qurminni dua civileni  
Roba ti siarmi tildi eni.
6. Utara pisa vaisisso me simi rin  
ti hapti.  
Eti mi bire a piste si gui den  
droi tiltati.
7. Udi vura udorini udiri cicova  
cilti mora.  
Udorini talti hollna u ede cai  
moni mora.

1. I am wounded by thy love, and have loved but to scorch my self.
2. Thou hast consumed me! Ah, maid! thou hast struck me to the heart.
3. I have said I wish no dowry, but thine eyes and eyelashes,
4. The accursed dowry I want not, but thee only.
5. Give me thy charms, and let the portion feed the flames.
6. I have loved thee, maid, with a sincere soul, but thou has left me like a withered tree.
7. If I have placed my hand on thy bosom, what have I gained? my hand is withdrawn, but retains the flame.

I believe the last two stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his “*ὑποκολπιοι*” Critobulus or

Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

*Page 93.*

" Tambourgi ! Tambourgi ! thy 'larum afar.' ]  
Drummer.

*Page 93.*

" Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Sulioite ! "] These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.

*Page 95.*

" Remember the moment when Previsa fell."] It was taken by storm from the French.

*Page 95.*

" Let the yellow-hair'd."] Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.

*Page 95.*

" Giaours."] Infidel.

*Page 95.*

" View his horsetail with dread."] The insignia of a Pacha.

*Page 95.*

" When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks."] Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

*Page 95.*

" Selictar ! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar."] Sword-bearer.

*Page 96.*

I.

" Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !"] Before I say anything about a city of which everybody, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson, when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a "Disdar Aga" (who by the by is not an Aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado ; and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife ; so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida, to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring ; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback : rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own ; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might "damn the climate, and complain of spleen," five days out of seven.

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear

Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Boeotian winter.

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglioneria." It was impossible to think better of him for this: but for a Boeotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebas, the remains of Chæronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its noniinal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and anybody who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villainous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chandler.

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the Plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Aegean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the Monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

"Sternitur, et *dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*"

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius,

"In mediis audit duo litora campis," did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

"Athens," says a celebrated topographer, "is still the most polished city of Greece." Perhaps it may of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks*; for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with the "Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont."

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, &c., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their "national and individual depravity!" while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, "Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed in the days of *Themistocles*!" an alarming remark to the "Laudator temporis acti." The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque; thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, &c. of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washer-woman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "nulla virtute redemptum" of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular.

For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular common-place books: but, if I may say this without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Sonnini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects: but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. "They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!" — This is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fettters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their

ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them. This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

## II.

FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS, *January 23, 1811.*

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren; but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous: as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after re-asserting the sovereignty of Greece; but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state, with a proper guarantee;—under

correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans; they cannot expect it from the Giaours.

But instead of considering what they have been, and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions: some, particularly the merchants, decrying the Greeks in the strongest language; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person terms them the "natural allies of Englishmen;" another, no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the ancients; a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catherine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is

afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus.

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy ; it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them, viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini ; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera ; perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal ; and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Groat's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men, of whom he can know little ? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr. Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature, nor is there any probability of our being

better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence confirmed. The relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.\*

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the field, betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim

\* A word *en passant* with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish.

Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of "*Suleyman Yeyen*," i.e. quoth the Doctor, "*Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate*." "Aha," thinks Mr. Thornton (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time), "have I caught you?"—Then, in a note twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote, he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own.—"For," observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than '*Suleyman the eater*,'" and quite cashiers the supplementary "*sublimate*." Now both are right, and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides "fourteen years in the factory," will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stamboline acquaintance, he will discover that "*Suleymā'n yeyen*," put together discreetly, mean the "*Swallower of sublimate*," without any "*Suleyman*" in the case; "*Suleymā*" signifying "*corrosive sublimate*," and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such pæans over Dr. Pouqueville.

After this, I think "*Travellers versus Factors*" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "*hoc genus omne*," for mistake and misrepresentation. "*Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*," "*No merchant beyond his bales*." N.B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "*Sutor*" is not a proper name.

to the title of "poetical." It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks; and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

### III

ATHENS, FRANCISCAN CONVENT. *March 17, 1811.*

"I must have some talk with this learned Theban."

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city I received the thirty-first number of the "Edinburgh Review" as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a short account of Coray, a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations; and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Scio (in the "Review," Smyrna is stated, I have reason to think, incorrectly), and besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romaic and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zolikogloou.\* Coray has recently been involved

\* I have in my possession an excellent lexicon "*τριγλωσσν*," which I received in exchange from S. G—, Esq. for a small gem; my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it, or forgiven me.

in an unpleasant controversy with M. Gail,\* a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates “Περὶ ὑδάτων,” &c., to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure, of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due; but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris, and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries; more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius terms him Μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφώντα ἀρίστος Ἑλλήνων.” (P. 224, “Ecclesiastical History,” vol. iv.)

Panagiotes Kodrikas the translator of Fontenelle, and Kamarases, who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus, and more particularly Psalida, whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on “True Happiness,” dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois, who is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic, if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziates of Yanina, who has published a number of editions in Romaic, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title page, placed there

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\* In Gail's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of “throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows.” On this a French critic exclaims, “Ah, my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! What sacrilege!” It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics; but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries: London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

to secure his property in the publication ; and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be met with : their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackbey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession ; to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally unpleasing to the ear of a Frank ; the best is the famous "*Λεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ελλήνων*," by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors, now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Barthélemy's Anacharsis in Romaic, as he has no other opportunity, unless he despatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

The Reviewer mentions a school established at Hecatonesi, and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani : he means Cidonies, or, in Turkish, Haivali ; a town on the continent, where that institution for a hundred students and three professors still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a

fortress instead of a college; but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Ueniamin, (*i.e.* Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a freethinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages: besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter farther on this topic than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the Reviewer's lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words: "*The change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any physical degradation.*" It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained on the day when it changed masters as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern polities instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigour and independence: and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connexion between moral degradation and national decay.

The Reviewer mentions a plan "*we believe*" by Potemkin for the purification of the Romaic; and I have endeavoured in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburg for the Greeks; but it was suppressed by Paul, and has not been revived by his successor.

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. 31 of the "Edinburgh Review," where these words occur:—"We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*"—It may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II.\* The "ladies of Constantinople," it seems, at that period spoke a dialect, "which

\* In a former number of the "Edinburgh Review," 1808, it is observed: "Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *pibroch* does not mean a *bagpipe*, any more than *duet* means a *fiddle*." Query,—Was it

would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian." I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:—

“Ω Αθηνα, προτη χωρα,  
Τι γαιδαρους τρεφεις τωρα.”

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence:—  
“The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models.” Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the “ladies of Constantinople,” in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Cominena wrote three centuries before: and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess γλωτταν ειχεν ΑΚΡΙΒΩΣ Αττικιζουσαν. In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner

in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the “Edinburgh Review” learned that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II.* any more than *criticism* means *infallibility?*—but thus it is,

“Cædimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words, and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the “Edinburgh Review” much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parellel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The *gentlemen*, having enjoyed many a *triumph* on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight *ovation* for the present.

of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks.

The Reviewer mentions Mr. Wright, the author of the beautiful poem "*Horæ Ionicæ*," as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks; and also of their language: but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic; for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania, but Epirus; and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha) praised for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pacha's absence), are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolical style, but in the true antique character.

The Reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romaic, as "*a powerful auxiliary*," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to everybody except the only person

who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses ; and by a parity of reasoning, our old language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by " foreigners " than by ourselves ! Now, I am inclined to think, that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with " Sir Tristrem," or any other given " Auchinleck MS.," with or without a grammar or glossary ; and to most apprehensions it seems evident, that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago, who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible ; but if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student.—Here the Reviewer proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole, and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the " Edinburgh Review ; " not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the

Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions ; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. " Ay," but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, " ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well : and pray what else can they write about ? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country ; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction ; if he doubts, he is excommunicated and damned ; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy ; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks ! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling ? Religion and holy biography : and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder, then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius' " Ecclesiastical History."

*Page 96.*

" Spirit of freedom ! when on Phyle's brow."] Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains ; it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

*Page 96.*

" Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand."] The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much

exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished, of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey ; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me, I have no complaint to make ; but am indebted for many civilities (I might also say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Veli Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks," than any dowager in Grosvenor Square.

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom ; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser ; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse, or a shawl.

In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity ; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the

rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country-towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism, may be found in D'Ohsson's French ; of their manners, &c. perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal, at least, to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not* ; they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly, accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed, or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the lower or upper House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a college of Dervises ; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded, as he had been, entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless

to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd); nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacan and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth,—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

*Page 98.*

"Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest."] When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.

*Page 98.*

"The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil."] Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

*Page 101.*

"Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow."] On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, ever in winter.

*Page 102.*

"Above its prostrate brethren of the cave."] Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.

*Page 102.*

"Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave."] In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "Isles that crown the *Aegean* deep;" but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:—

"Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,  
The seamen's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We are told afterwards, by one of their prisoners subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely,

that we had a complete guard of these Arnaouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

“The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,  
makes degraded nature picturesque.”

(See Hodgson’s “Lady Jane Grey,” &c.)

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist; and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

#### *Page 103.*

“When Marathon became a magic word.”] “Siste Viator—heroa calcas!” was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci; what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, &c. were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas! “Expende—quot *libras* in duce summo—invenies!” was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.

#### *Page 117.*

“In ‘pride of place’ here last the eagle flew.”] “Pride of place” is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See “Macbeth,” &c. :—

“An eagle towering in his pride of place,” &c.

#### *Page 118.*

“Such as Harmodius drew on Athens’ tyrant lord.”] See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton.

The best English translation is in Bland's "Anthology," by Mr. (since Lord Chief Justice) Denman:—

"With myrtle my sword will I wreath," &c

*Page 118.*

"And all went merry as a marriage-bell."] On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.

*Page 121.*

"And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears."] Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

*Page 121.*

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves."] The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakespeare's "As You Like It." It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

*Page 123.*

"I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring."] My guide from Mount St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced: the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded." I told him my relationship, and he

seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination : I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon ; and the field around Mount St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned.

*Page 125.*

"Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore."] The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltites were said to be fair without, and within, ashes. *Vide Tacitus, Histor. lib. v. 7.*

*Page 128.*

"For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den."] The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them ; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals : and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

*Page 131.*

"What want these outlaws conquerors should have?"] "*What wants that knave that a king should have?*"

was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

*Page 135.*

"The castled crag of Drachenfels."] The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river; on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

*Page 138.*

"The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."] The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, *he* had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing:—"The Army of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief, Hoche." This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte

monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

*Page 138.*

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall."] Ehrenbreitstein, *i.e.* "the broad stone of honour," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time, and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

*Page 141.*

"Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost."] The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France; who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postillions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles; a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

*Page 142.*

"Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands."] [

Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

*Page 143.*

"And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust."] Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago; it is thus:—"Julia Alpinula: Hic jaceo. Infelicitas patris, infelix proles. Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fatis ille erat. Vixi annos XXIII."—I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

*Page 143.*

"In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow."] This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3rd), 1816, which even at this distance dazzles mine.—(July 20th). I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

*Page 145.*

"By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone."] The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

*Page 149.*

"This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss."] This refers to the account in his "Confessions" of his passion

for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words ; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation ; a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

Page 155.

"Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take."] It is to be recollectcd, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple* but on the *Mount*. To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence,—the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers, may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the Iliad at Sigæum and on the tumuli, or by the springs with Mount Ida above, and the plain and rivers and Archipelago around you ; and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library—*this* I know. Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass nor to question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers. The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherever they may be, at the stated hours—of course, frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they

carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion as required) ; the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication : nothing can disturb them. On me the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun ; including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan. Many of the negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites ; some of these I had a distant view of at Patras ; and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.

*Page 156.*

"The sky is changed !—and such a change ! Oh night ! "] The thunder storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen, among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari, several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

*Page 160.*

"And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought."] Rousseau's "Héloïse," Lettre 17, Part IV., note. "Ces montagnes sont si hautes qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couche, leurs sommets sont éclairés de ses rayons ; dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches *une belle couleur de rose*, qu'on aperçoit de fort loin."—This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie—"J'allai à Vevay loger à la Clef, et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirais volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles : Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature, n'a pas

sait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas."—*Les Confessions*, livre iv. p. 306, Lyon, ed. 1796.—In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva: and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his "*Héloïse*," I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Bôveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivan, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all; the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole.—If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them.—I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a late storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore of St. Gingo, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height of Clarens is a château. The hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some

small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie;" and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings." The Prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one; but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made, that "La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs."

*Page 163.*

"Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name."] Voltaire and Gibbon.

*Page 168.*

"Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued."] ————— "If it be thus,  
For Banquo's issue have I *filed* my mind." — *Macbeth*.

*Page 168.*

"O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve."] It is said by Rochefoucault that "there is *always* something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them."

*Page 176.*

"She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean."] Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true.—"Quo fit ut qui superne urbeni contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere."

*Page 180.*

"‘‘Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.’’] The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

*Page 182.*

"The ‘Planter of the Lion,’ which through fire.”] That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloons—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloons.

*Page 183.*

"Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse.”] The story is told in Plutarch’s Life of Nicias.

*Page 184.*

"And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare’s art.”] “Venice Preserved ;” “Mysteries of Udolpho ;” “The Ghost-Seer, or Armenian ;” “The Merchant of Venice ;” “Othello.”

*Page 185.*

"But from their nature will the tannen grow.”] *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky paths, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

*Page 189.*

"Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest !”] The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira.

*Page 192.*

"Or, it may be, with demons, who impair."] The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

*Page 197.*

"Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe."] The two stanzas XLII. and XLIII. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja:—"Italia, Italia, O tu cui seo la sorte!"

*Page 197.*

"Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him."] The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages. "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left: all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view."—See Middleton's "Cicero," vol. ii. p. 371.

*Page 198.*

"The skeleton of her Titanic form."] It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, "Ut nunc omni de-  
core nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris  
corrupti atque undique exesi."

## Page 200.

"Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy lips are."]

*'Οφθαλμοὺς ἔστιἄν.*

"Atque oculos pascat uterque suos."—OVID, *Amor.* lib. ii.

## Page 209.

"Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract."] I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice, at different periods—once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, &c. are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

## Page 209.

"An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge."] Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of iris, the reader will see a short account in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like "the hell of waters," that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake called *Pie' di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe (Cicer. Epist. ad Attic. xv. lib. iv.), and the ancient naturalists (Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. ii. cap. lxii.), amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus. A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone. See Ald. Manut. "De Reatina Urbe Agroque," ap. Sallengre, Thesaur. tom. i. p. 773.

*Page 210.*

"Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar."] In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine.

*Page 211.*

"The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word."] These stanzas may probably remind the reader of Ensign Northerton's remarks, "D—n Homo," &c. ; but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty ; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart ; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason, we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakespeare ("To be, or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind, but of memory : so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy ; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason ;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life ; and my preceptor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury, was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred,—and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but

with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

*Page 212.*

"The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now."] For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult "Historical Illustrations," p. 46.

*Page 214.*

"The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day."] Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

*Page 215.*

"Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath."] On the 3rd of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar; a year afterwards he obtained "his crowning mercy" of Worcester; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

*Page 218.*

"Our senses narrow, and our reason frail."]—  
 "Omnis pene veteres; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percepisti, nihil sciri posse dixerunt; angustos sensus; imbecillos animos, brevia curricula vitae; in profundo veritatem deniersam; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri; nihil veritati relinquere: deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt."—Academ. I. 13. The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity; and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may, without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

*Page 221.*

"There is a stern round tower of other days."] Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove. See "Historical Illustrations," p. 200.

## Page 223.

"Heaven gives its favourites—early death ; yet shed."]

*"Ον οι θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος*

*Tὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ αἰσχρὸν ἀλλ' αἰσχρῷς θανεῖν.*

Rich. Franc. Phil. Brunck. Poetæ Gnomici, p. 231 edit. 1784.

## Page 225.

"There is the moral of all human tales."] The author of the Life of Cicero, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage :—

"From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms ; how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture ; while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters ; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life ; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth ; from wealth to luxury ; from luxury to an impatience of discipline, and corruption of morals ; till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and with the loss of liberty, losing everything that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism." (See "History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero," sec. vi. vol. ii. p. 102.)

## Page 227.

"To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime."] The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul. See "Historical Illustrations," p. 214.

*Page 228.*

"Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree."] The name and exploits of Rienzi must be familiar to the reader of Gibbon. Some details and inedited manuscripts, relative to this unhappy hero, will be seen in the "Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto," p. 248.

*Page 234.*

"Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base."] "At all events," says the author of the "Academical Questions," "I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the out-works for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other? he who will not reason is a bigot? he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave."—Vol. i., pref., pp. 14, 15.

*Page 242.*

"Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head."] Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

*Page 243.*

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand."] This is quoted in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as a proof that the Coliseum was entire, when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth, century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the "Historical Illustrations," p. 263.

*Page 243.*

"From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time."] Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church."—Forsyth's *Italy*, p. 137, 2nd edit.

*Page 244.*

"Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close."] The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen. For a notice of the Pantheon, see "Historical Illustrations," p. 287.

*Page 244.*

"There is a dungeon, in whose dim, drear light."] This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman daughter, which is recalled to the traveller by the site, or pretended site, of that adventure, now shown at the church of St. Nicholas *in Carcere*. The difficul-

ties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in "Historical Illustrations," p. 295.

*Page 246.*

"Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high."] The castle of St. Angelo. See "Historical Illustrations."

*Page 247.*

"But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome."] This and the six next stanzas have a reference to the church of St. Peter's. For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St. Peters, and the "Classical Tour through Italy," vol. ii. p. 125 et seq., chap. iv.

*Page 255.*

"Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate."] Mary died on the scaffold ; Elizabeth of a broken heart ; Charles V. a hermit ; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory ; Cromwell of anxiety ; and, "the greatest is behind," Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

*Page 255.*

"Lo, Nemi ! navell'd in the woody hills."] The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

{ 61 - 28 - well didst thou speak. 63  
{ relig. 5 71 - Lighs 75 -

Pp 53-55 This song characterizes the typical mysterious  
Byronic hero. —





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